TIH

Part 1: Flight

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We have only to follow the thread of the hero path,

and where we had thought to find an Abomination, we shall find a God...

And where we had thought to be alone,
we will be with all the world.

Joseph Campbell

BLACK: THE SOUND OF COLD WIND

EXT. DECK OF AN ICE-BREAKING TUG BOAT - ARCTIC SEA - DAY

A battered old rescue tug churns north through broken pack ice.

A MAN stands in the prow staring at the world of ice. A wasteland.

He signals up to CAPTAIN. The boat slows to a halt. The man shoulders a small pack. He climbs over onto a ladder and descends onto the frozen edge of the pack ice. He turns his back on the boat and starts walking toward the distant shore.

The CAPTAIN stares at the receding figure, expressionless. He pushes the throttle forward and the boat moves on.

EXT. GLACIER EDGE - DAY

Small in the frame the man trudges resolute toward nothing. The wind starting to whip up.

He climbs through the maze of ice and rock to reach the plateau of the glacier. He stops and shrugs off the pack, roots around and takes something out, we can't see what. He unzips the parka and puts the object in his waist and zips up and sets off again. Incomprehensibly he leaves the pack behind.

EXT. PLATEAU OF THE GLACIER - DAY

The man has been walking a long time. He stops and looks around. Ice. Mountains behind. The green-black of the sea out in front. Not a human sign, no life at all. Except...

AN ARCTIC FOX, buried almost invisible, watching.

The man looks up at THE AURORA BOREALIS - eerie dancing sheets of green and purple flowing across the sky.

Tighter on THE MAN’S FACE: looking up…hollowed out, haunted.

MEMORY FLASH:

A banshee shriek of sound. An image streaked liked a camera moved on a slow shutter. A WOMAN’S BODY on the ground, FLAMES…but we probably can't make it out.

EXT. GLACIER - DAY

THE MAN’S EYES: wide open. Anguish.

He takes off the parka and throws it away from him and it is taken by the wind. He falls to his knees, much too exposed now. He stares forward at nothing, gathering his will.

And now we see the GUN in his waistband. His hand takes it and points it down and into the snow but he stares ahead.

His thumb PULLS THE HAMMER BACK and the heartbeat starts to race.

From behind and to the side a bit: THE DULL PULSE OF A GREENISH GLOW IN THE BASE OF HIS SKULL, beneath the edge of his cap.

EYES: flaring wide snapping from blue to DEEP GLOWING GREEN.

From behind him again: the hand with the gun JERKS UP -

THE FOX in the snow: a FLASH OF GREEN LIGHT on the white snow and a muffled report of a GUNSHOT and the fox is gone...

From a distance: the man, hard to make out the figure from this far away, hard to get a sense of scale… still on the knees, head bent, falling forward now but HIS ARM SHOOTS OUT TO CATCH HIM.

THE ARM: close on the forearm as it hits the snow, hand outstretched. HUGE. MUSCLED. GREEN.

A clicking sound…metal on teeth…the hand rises toward the face out of frame and the clicking stops. The hand lowers, open. A MASSIVE FLAT PALM WITH A BULLET IN IT. Smashed completely flat.

A long beat with nothing but cold wind.

EXT. GLACIER SHELF - DAY

Wide: the cliff edge of the whole glacier shelf seen from out in the water looking back.

In the wind: A SOUND. Was that a distant ROAR? A HOWL? The wind took it away... and then...

BOOM: a huge dull reverberation echoing

And with it a HUGE PIECE OF THE GLACIER the size of an aircraft carrier cleaves off the shelf and tumbles roaring into the sea.

A WAVE, the enormous tsunami ripple from the ice pounding into the water… we're at water level and it's coming toward us like a freight train and over us and we're…

EXT. UNDERWATER - ARCTIC SEA - DAY

Inky green black of the frozen sea but exploding into frame from above, massive chunks of greenish, white ice.

Plunging down into the black, trailing bubbles that fade… and out of their ghostly greenish traces in the black:

TITLES: THE INCREDIBLE HULK

FADE UP:

TITLE: FIVE YEARS LATER - PORTO VERDE, BRAZIL

EXT. HILLS ABOVE A FAVELA SLUM - MORNING

BRUCE BANNER is running. Up in the hills, past the fringes of the favela, he descends toward the chaos of houses and streets of the city, sprawled like a living organism, teeming with people.

He slows to check something on his wrist: A PULSE MONITOR

It shows: 90 Low for somebody running hard.

EXT. FAVELA STREET - MORNING

Banner walking now, anonymous in the teeming streets. Nondescript.

EXT. STREET MARKET - DAY

Banner stops at a market stall and picks up a package. He opens it and takes out a BOOK. If we see it we will see that it is a book of rare South American FLOWERS.

EXT. SHOPFRONT - STREET MARKET - DAY

Banner greets a SHOP-OWNER he's friendly with. The man has a COMPUTER that he lets Banner use sometimes. BANNER gets online and sends a quick MESSAGE:

"Mr. Blue: Received your package. Still looking for my flower. Mr Green."

EXT. MARTIAL ARTS STUDIO - DAY

BANNER enters a low building, a knapsack slung over his shoulder.

INT. AIKIDO STUDIO - DAY

Banner and an INSTRUCTOR train by themselves. Banner practices deflecting aggressive energy and attacks without losing his composure. Just as his instructor seems to be complimenting him on a move and Banner relaxes, the instructor SLAPS him, hard.

It surprises him and his PULSE beeps up a bit…over 80. But he stays calm and nods, it's a test they practice. The instructor nods and then SLAPS HIM HARDER and SHOVES him… PULSE pegs up near 100, Banner holds out a hand "Stop". He takes a deep breath and calms himself. The instructor's fingernail has scratched his cheek. A DROP OF BLOOD oozing... He feels it and immediately dabs it with a cloth from his bag. Then he pulls out a tube of CRAZY GLUE and applies a little to the cut carefully. Puts the cloth in his bag.

EXT. BOTTLING PLANT - MORNING - (DAYS LATER)

The massive ungainly bulk of a Third World factory. BANNER enters it with a line of Brazilian laborers. Time has passed, he's been working and biding his time.

INT. BOTTLING PLANT - CHANGING ROOM - DAY

The rough locker room of the male workers. Dirty walls, old cracked floors naked bulb. Men pulling gloves and goggles out of lockers, changing shirts. BANNER is among them.

FOUR YOUNG TOUGH GUYS are the most boisterous, one shoving the other playfully, BUMPING BANNER slightly. They don't apologize but it doesn't matter because he literally doesn't even react.

INT. BOTTLING PLANT - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

An enormous sprawling forest of machinery, steam pipes, conveyor belts...all in a huge open floor with a high tin-roof ceiling. A catwalk runs around the perimeter up above and across to the tops of certain of the biggest machines.

BANNER works in the soda bottling plant. His job is rudimentary, carrying supplies of bottle caps or bottles to the workers who man the massive conveyor belts of bottles moving through the process: GUARANA SODA flowing in from massive tanks, caps being sealed on, labels being applied:

"AMAZONA - with Guarana Kick!"

A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN smiles at BANNER as he delivers to her and he smiles back but keeps moving, distant.

EXT. BOTTLING PLANT - DELIVERY BAYS - DAY

Break time. Seen from a distance, BANNER is by the TRUCK DELIVERY BAYS talking to a SUPPLY DRIVER, an INDIAN from the interior. We can't hear what they're saying with the noise all around. The driver has something wrapped in a tied-up leaf... he opens it to show Banner...

We can't see it very well, maybe a FLASH OF WHITE

But it seems to excite Banner. He has his BOOK...it's more worn than when he first received it... he opens to a marked page...compares something in the book to what's in the driver's leaf.

He looks up with a HINT OF A SMILE and nods. He takes out money to pay the guy...he seems to be asking if the driver has more... but the guy shakes his head.

INT. BOTTLING PLANT - DAY

Back at work: The MANAGER has a problem with the machine that fills the soda from above the bottles ; he comes to Banner and we can see that Banner speaks a little rough Portuguese.

Banner works on a machine, opening the back of one of those "ON/OFF BUTTON" boxes, fixing frayed wires. The BOTTLES FLOW BENEATH HIM ON THE CONVEYOR BELT. The manager likes him, but can't figure him out. He smiles.

MANAGER
(Portuguese)
I keep telling you...let me put you on payroll. I can pay you what you're worth!

Banner looks up and smiles and shakes his head and in doing so he CUTS HIS HAND.

C.U. - TWO DROPS OF BLOOD: fall toward the moving bottles.

BANNER: seeing this...sudden intensity, tracking it… he MUST find where the blood went. Tracking the bottles he thinks were under him with his eyes...LOCKED on them.

He jumps down and starts moving along with the belt, trying hard to track them, YELLING at his friend the manager to stop the belt…

The belt stops. BANNER MOVES ALONG IT SEARCHING. And he finds it: a BLOOD SPOT on the conveyor belt. RELIEF. He wipes it off carefully. Not noticing...

ANOTHER BOTTLE, with drops of blood dripping just inside the glass lip, down into the soda. He signals "Okay" and the belt starts up again.

BANNER: taking out the CRAZY GLUE again. Applying some to the cut on the edge of his hand.

The MANAGER: laughs and shakes his head. This guy is unique.

EXT. BANNER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - EVENING

A rough and tumble 3 or 4 story affair, one of the few block apartment buildings in the tin roof sprawl of the favela.

INT. BANNER'S APARTMENT - EVENING

We can see the details of his essential life, his work, the STRAY DOG he feeds. Oblique details like rope tied to jam of kitchen window and coiled neatly on counter. A Styrofoam head with a wig of dark hair and a baseball cap on it. We notice these things without emphasizing them. A low bed in the corner against a wall. Not much else. He's living like a monk.

BANNER is entering, eager to get to work...

He sits at his roughly fashioned WORKTABLE. On it seems to be his only possessions of note: rows of various SMALL GLASS BOTTLES with liquid in them, neatly self-labeled and arranged in rows. One DECENT LOOKING MICROSCOPE. A SMALL FIELD SATELLITE LINK ANTENNA and a LAPTOP COMPUTER.

He turns on the SATELLITE LINK and the COMPUTER and starts to Instant Message:

BANNER'S SCREEN: (Banner's writing in Green, his collaborator's in Blue)

"Mr. Blue?"
(a pause)
"Mr. Green...hello. Did you find what you were looking for?"
"Yes."
"And you have my notes on derivation of the inhibitor?"
"Yes."
"For most cellular exposures a concentration of 50-80 parts per million will suffice. Keep me posted. And good luck :)"

And Banner begins to work:

<u>MONTAGE</u>: BANNER EXTRACTING A CHEMICAL FROM HIS FLOWERS

Over many hours, Banner works. Methodically and painstakingly extracting tiny amounts of juice from his precious flowers, mixing it carefully with chemicals from self-labeled bottles and mixing it all in an assortment of glasses doubling as homemade test tubes; cooking it down over a small gas flame. Referring to BLUE's NOTES on his computer.

Finally, all seems ready...a final step.

He PRICKS HIS OWN FINGER...so carefully placing ONE DROP of his BLOOD on a glass slide. He slides it under the microscope and looks at it:

C.U. - BANNER'S BLOOD: red blood cells fringed with a subtle GLOWING GREEN ENERGY. Like residual radiation.

He takes the slide back out. Takes a breath. This is it.

In a dropper, he extracts some of the PURPLISH LIQUID he has been slowly refining from the very small amount in the glass. Carefully he brings it over the blood sample... and squeezes ONE, TWO THREE drops onto the blood.

He places the slide under the SCOPE and looks again:

C.U. - BLOOD: The Purple liquid seems to be literally boiling away around the cells. Frying. No change. The GREEN TINGE is still there.

BANNER pulls back from the scope and puts his forehead against the heel of his hands. He had let himself hope and now he is devastated.

BANNER’S SCREEN:
Green: “No mitigation.”
Blue: “None? Your tissue exposure must be relatively high.”
Green: “Very high.
Blue: “Try a higher concentration. Slightly. 100 parts per million = lethal toxicity.”

BANNER leans back and looks at: HIS WILTED FLOWERS. He has milked them for all they have.

Green: “Impossible at present. Supply is limited.”
Blue: “Not here. We’re making pure synthetic by the gallon.”
(pause)
“Why are we doing this backwards? Chasing flowers in the jungle = silly. Send me a blood sample.”
Green: “Not prudent.”
Blue: “Living with Gamma poisoning not prudent. Most people not alive long enough to be helped. Intrigued by your case.”
Green: “Not safe for either of us.”
Blue: “You need help. Gamma not something to mess with.”

BANNER
You can say that again.

He stares at his dead flowers long and hard. Out of options.

BANNER MOVES TO THE TABLE AND PROCEEDS TO EXTRACT A VIAL OF HIS OWN BLOOD.

He labels it “MR. GREEN”

EXT. STREET - MARKET - DAY

At the PACKAGE STAND, sending the blood to Mr. Blue.

BANNER turns and starts away, stops and looks back...he’s taking a big risk. But he has to. So he turns and walks home.

INT. BANNER’S APARTMENT - EVENING

Packing his computer and sat link antenna in his backpack. Careful. Always making himself ready to leave. As he closes and packs the computer we see behind it...

A PHOTO OF A WOMAN (BETTY ROSS): he stares at it for a beat. So far away now.

Time-cut:

Banner is meditating, seated on the floor, his legs crossed, calming his mind.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - MEMORY FLASHBACK

Moving past a Police Cruiser, torn in two, a trooper unmoving on the ground. Bright lights, accelerating toward him, horrible sound.

INT. BANNER’S APARTMENT

Back on Banner: PULSE CLIMBS TO 85. He breathes. Calms it.

Time-cut:

Banner in a state of deep meditation. Pulse: 37

INT. KITCHEN - MIDDLE AMERICA - MORNING - WEEKS LATER

A MOM is making a chaotic lunch for a bunch of seven year olds on a playdate. Whole thing one camera shot: moving around, staying with her, back and forth from fridge to table: a plate of apple slices to get em started…popping the tops off some bottles of juice and handing them around, stops to take a swig of her own soda bottle sitting on the counter (we might know that bottle if we got a close look at it, but we probably don't)… a plate of chicken fingers and as they're dropped off we see some kids are drinking… back for something to dip em in…

KID
Mom, I need a napkin!!

We stay with the kid and MOM GOES BACK OUT OF FRAME. Kids laughing and picking at each others plates and

SOMETHING HITS THE FLOOR OFF CAMERA

Kids faces: all turn frozen staring at something

KID (CONT'D)
Mom?

WHIP PAN: Mom is on the floor, her body in a spasm, eyes rolled back

KID (CONT'D)
MOM!!!

INT. GENERAL ROSS'S OFFICE - DAY

GEN. T. ROSS at his desk. Lost in thought.

Snaps out of it when his female aide, MAJOR CABOT, puts some forms on his desk. She moves him through signing boring requisition orders…

CABOT
...and here's something a little more interesting.

He holds out his hand, not that optimistic... she hands him a two page fax..

CABOT (CONT'D)
Possible gamma sickness. Milwaukee. Woman drank one of these guarana sodas. Had more kick than she was looking for.

ROSS
Last three were irradiated fruit, not Gamma...

CABOT
Look at the spectrograph in that path report. Even the FDA didn't approve that. Whatever it was it was concentrated. Got less than a tenth of a milliliter and it almost killed her.

Ross' eyes narrow: Milwaukee? He hands her the pages.

ROSS
Get it confirmed.

CABOT
Already put calls in.

She starts out but he stops her, mind alive now.

ROSS
Where was it bottled?

CABOT
Porto Verde, Brazil...

Both look at each other… searching for the same thing.

ROSS
Remember that package we tracked to the girl that just had a pressed orchid in it? Year and half ago maybe...?

CABOT
It came from Sao Paolo.

Ross comes alive.

ROSS
Get our Agency people looking for a white man at that bottling plant. Tell them no contact, if he even sees them he's gone. And get me Sam Greller!

EXT. SPECIAL FORCES BASE - STAGING AREA NEAR RUNWAY

A TRANSPORT VAN pulling up, TWO ARMY SPECIAL FORCES SOLDIERS hop out with their light gear and move to join...

THREE OTHER COMMANDOS gathered by the edge of the tarmac. They all greet each other, one or two introductions, a few know each other.

COMMANDO 1
Who's our 6?

COMMANDO 2
Blonsky.

COMMANDO 1
Thought he was on vacation?

COMMANDO 2
He got bored. Volunteered.

INT. HELICOPTER - ALOFT AND DESCENDING TO BASE

BLONSKY sits by the open door. Over his shoulder we look down at the BASE below rising to meet us.

EXT. SPECIAL FORCES BASE - TARMAC

Blonsky is out of the bird and moving with his gear before it's even fully come to rest. He moves to join the others.

IN VIEW BEHIND THEM: just stepping out of the Operations Building...

ROSS stands aside with his old friend GEN. SAM GRELLER.

ROSS
...I know you cashed some chips for this, Sam. I'm grateful.

GRELLER
Glad to do it. Just make it good.

They shake hands and Ross heads for a waiting...

C-130 TRANSPORT PLANE

Ross, Cabot a Medical Officer and the Team muster into the plane as the engines wind up. No delay.

The plane lumbers down the runway and roars aloft.

INT. C-130 TRANSPORT PLANE - NIGHT

Gen. Ross on the phone up front clearing up details. CABOT with him.

Soldiers in the rear waiting on intel.

COMMANDO 1
Since when do they fob us off to Logistics officers?

COMMANDO 2
Ain't exactly feeling A-Team is it?

CABOT comes back to brief the team. Hands out PHOTOS OF BANNER and BANNER'S APT BUILDING and SURROUNDING AREA.

CABOT
This is the target and the location. Insert and grab only, live capture. You'll have tranq rifles and suppression ordnance. Live fire for backup only. We've got help from local but we want it tight and quiet.

One of the soldiers needles gently...

COMMANDO 1
Little excitement, huh Major?

CABOT
How's that?

COMMANDO 1
Got tired of pushing paper around?

She's way ahead of him.

CABOT
I worked intel for 3rd I.D. on the way in to Baghdad my first tour. I got bumped to you Rangers in time for Falluja. Says here me and Blonsky got our Purple Hearts same week. So, no, I'd very much like to get back to my office, thanks.

To all of them...

CABOT (CONT'D)
Only way this'll get exciting is if you guys screw it up. Any more questions?

No more stupid ones. ROSS appears behind them.

BLONSKY
Is he a fighter?

ROSS
Your target is a fugitive from the US government and stole military secrets. He is implicated in the deaths of three scientists, a military officer, an Idaho State trooper and possibly two Canadian hunters. Don't wait to see if he's a fighter. Put him to sleep.

Blonsky nods. A good mission.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Each two man team will be issued a radiation sensor which we will monitor remotely as well. First blip I want to know about it.

COMMANDO 2
This guy steal plutonium?

ROSS
Something like that. That's all.

He and Cabot return to the front.

Team gossips about Ross a little, his dead arm.

COMMANDO 1
Vietnam?

Blonsky shrugs, studying Banner.

COMMANDO 3
I heard he ran R&D, real black box shit. One of his experiments blew up in his face, literally. They gave him a desk to run.

ROSS AND CABOT: his head is back, his moment getting closer. Hoping it's not a goose chase. Cabot studying team files.

CABOT
Blonsky's your point man.

INT. BOTTLING PLANT - DAY

BANNER carting around supplies to the workers at the different points on the bottling line. As he comes around a piece of machinery he sees...

THE NICE YOUNG WOMAN being hassled by the FOUR YOUNG TOUGHS.

They are teasing her, blocking her from sitting back down at her station while the TOUGH LEADER asks her questions:

TOUGH LEADER
Why do you act so shy? It's not a sin to have some fun in life...

HER EYES MEET BANNER'S: she could use some help.

He hesitates, torn. He really can't get involved, can't risk...

But then the TOUGH LEADER tries to STROKE HER CHEEK and she SHOVES HIS HAND AWAY... AND HE GRABS HER ARM.

TOUGH LEADER (CONT'D)
What are you, too good for us?

AND BANNER ENTERS:

BANNER
Everything good?

They all turn... Her eyes plead with him...

TOUGH LEADER
Dump your load and get lost, mule. We're talking.

BANNER
You want some coffee, Martina? With me?

TOUGH LEADER
I said beat it, you want a problem?

He advances on BANNER... Banner backs up.

BANNER
No problem...

TOUGH LEADER
Too late...

He shoves Banner in the chest, hard. OTHER TOUGHS moving to the sides. The YOUNG WOMAN SCREAMS AT THEM...

PULSE MONITOR: 75...76... Banner holds up his hand...

BANNER
Okay listen... don't make hungry... you wouldn't like me when I'm...

Confusion on their faces -- "that's a weird thing to say"

BANNER (CONT'D)
...no wait...that's not right... ah shit.

And the TOUGH takes SWING at him. But BANNER DODGES IT DEFTLY. He doesn't hit the guy, he hardly seems to touch him but the guy goes flying past and stumbles.

TOUGH LEADER gets up and wipes his hands, pissed now.

AND HE PUTS UP HIS FISTS AND COMES AT BANNER PUNCHING

Banner dodges, ducks, weaves and applies his non-aggressive martial arts techniques, hardly touching the guy but leaving him flailing like a total fool...

The MANAGER, from the catwalk above...sees what's going on

MANAGER
HEY!! Cut it out! I got supply sitting here collecting bugs! You want me to hire somebody else to move it! NOW!!

The TOUGHS shoot looks at Banner "..another time..." And they walk away, one of them laughing a little and patting LEADER on the shoulder.

THE YOUNG WOMAN, sighs and thanks Banner, grateful.

INT. BANNER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Banner lying on his rough bed, THE DOG at his feet. He stares at the ceiling lost in thought when he hears...

HIS COMPUTER CHIMES.

He gets up and goes to the screen:

Blue: "Success."
Green: "Please elaborate"
Blue: "Concentration of 150ppm mitigates the gamma saturation in your sample. Incredible toxicity but it works."

BANNER'S FACE: He's been dreaming of hearing this news for 5 years...but...

Green: “Encouraging. But sample is baseline...I have...spikes.”
Blue: “Tricky. Can you extract sample during next ‘spike’?”
Green: “No.”
Blue: “Spike can’t exceed exposure. What was your original exposure?”
Green: “Data no longer available.”
Blue: “Toxicity at this level too risky without precision.”
Green: “Will it cure me?”
Blue: “Barring new gamma exposure... good chance.”

BANNER sits STUNNED, mind racing.

On a pad of paper he scribbles: Data from MAYNARD

Green: “Will get back to you. Thank you.”
Blue: “Pleasure. Hope you walk through the door one day. You must be a very unique individual.”

Banner closes the computer and stares at the picture of THE WOMAN (BETTY)... a step closer maybe.

He packs up his core equipment into the knapsack as always.

Then he remembers the note on the pad. He tears it off and wads it up... nowhere to throw it and so, distracted, he PUTS THE NOTE INTO HIS POCKET.

Timecut: BANNER MEDITATING: in the lotus position, unmoving

PULSE: 55 - THE SOUND OF A SLOW HEARTBEAT that RISES and SPEEDS UP THROUGH THE FOLLOWING:

MEMORY IMAGES: his mind wandering, happy memories leading to bad.

- BETTY ROSS at a LAB TABLE looking up at us, smiling

- BETTY and BRUCE sitting on a CAMPUS LAWN in late afternoon light with pizza; she gives him a bite and kisses him

- JARRING SOUND and SURREAL IMAGE: FLAMES; a POV from 10 FEET HIGH, looking down at BODIES on the floor beneath CRUSHED AND BROKEN LAB EQUIPMENT. One of them is BETTY, a GASH in her head

-GEN ROSS looking right at us, hand on our shoulder consoling; lips move but no sound comes out; intense

-our POV: looking out a CURTAINED WINDOW down on a FRONT DOOR. Two MILITARY POLICE, knocking. We JERK AWAY from the window.

EYES: SNAP OPEN PULSE: 89...90

He sighs and breathes deeply. He can’t clear his mind tonight.

He gives up and gets up.

EXT. BANNER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP - EVENING

He stands on the roof, sipping a beer. His isolation intense.

INT. BANNER'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

THE DOG. Asleep at Banner's feet on the rough bed. Banner on his side breathing deeply.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BANNER'S BUILDING - SAME MOMENT - NIGHT

A VERY DARK ALLEY …almost black and then suddenly snapping into

GREEN NIGHT VISION POV: scanning the back entrance of the building.

VOICE (O.S.)
Clear.

Two of the SHADOWS along the wall detach themselves and move in a crouch toward the back door; DART RIFLES held at ready, MP5 SUB-MACHINE GUNS slung, balaclavas covering faces.

Commandos.

INT. BANNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Same sounds of the night. And then the muffled barking stops. No yelp or anything obvious. It just stops.

Banner's Dog: head comes up.

INT. STAIRWELL

A DOG on the landing of the stairwell, darted with a nasty looking little tranquilizer, twitching.

BLACK BOOTS move past it, climbing.

HIGH POV: Outside Banner's door, looking down. FOUR COMMANDOS climb the steps silently, covering doors and corners.

Eyes of the leader: Blonsky

He signals and one drops low and pulls a snake camera out, feeds it silently under the door. The two others move to apply small plastique packs to the hinges.

<u>Camera POV</u>: scanning the room, no movement, panning right. To see THE DOG trotting towards the camera, investigating.

The soldier with the camera holds up a hand…be ready…

Camera POV: the dog nuzzles and licks the camera and turns and goes back to bed, where Banner's sleeping form lies still.

Camera Soldier holds up one finger, points right, signals “low, lying down”

Blonsky keys his mic in code: no speaking.

INT. COMMAND/TECH SUPPORT VAN - SAME

INSIDE A BLACK VAN: Ross, Cabot and a BRAZILIAN LIASON OFFICER hear the signal. On different MONITORS they can see the feed from the HEAD CAM on one of Blonsky's 4-man team at the door, one from a soldier positioned in front of the building, one from a soldier on the back entrance.

ROSS

Geiger?

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

Soldier by door looks down at a unit affixed to his gun stock.

L.E.D of radiation counter: dark. Nothing.

INT. COMMAND/TECH SUPPORT VAN - SAME

Maj. Cabot's monitor of all three team Geigers shows the same. She shakes 'Negative'.

ROSS

Take him.

INT. BANNER’S APARTMENT

THE DOOR BLOWS OFF IT'S HINGES with a sharp fast crack.

Blonsky in first, spinning right, the others covering angles behind him.

There's A FLASH OF MOVEMENT FROM THE FORM IN THE BED, legs scrambling to roll away?

Blonsky drops to his knee and fires, but not a gunshot, a silent THWWP of a Tranq Dart. Three in quick succession into Banner's body and legs.

They move to the bed and YANK THE COVERS BACK.

Pillows, the Styrofoam head with the cap and the wig on it.

BLONSKY
Target's on the move.

EXT. AIRSHAFT / INT. NEIGHBOR'S APT - NIGHT

BANNER: hanging on his rope. Backpack on his back, descending slowly from the kitchen window hanging over the central air shaft not in the view of any of the sentries.

Passing a kitchen window he looks inside and sees: THE GIRL FROM THE FACTORY. His neighbor, getting a glass of water.

She sees him hanging there and SCREAMS.

BLONSKY: hears the scream and sees the rope at the same time. Runs to the sink window and looks down.

POV: Rope swinging empty. Only exit is an alley toward the back.

BLONSKY
He's on the ground, going rear.

EXT. BANNER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

The Soldier on the Front: bolts to rear of the Building.

THE VAN: punches it and heads that way.

INT./EXT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - SAME

BANNER: crouched in the GIRL'S apartment by the door, poised, calming his breathing. Nods at her. She opens the door.

She looks: nothing.

Banner sprints for the stairs, no time to even thank her.

He's down the stairs and hits....

EXT. STREET BY BANNER'S BUILDING

... the street, hustling at a carefully controlled walk.

...and we're parallel along with him and as he passes the ALLEY along the side of the building he (and we) catch a moving glimpse of the tail lights of the BLACK VAN and a BLACK CLAD COMMANDO...

...and the COMMANDO sees him ... and IT'S ON.

EXT. CHASE THROUGH THE FAVELA

Streets, alleys and rooftops of the SLUM at night. Late night crowds of drinkers and people in the streets.

We cut between BANNER, HIS PURSUERS and THE VAN:

BANNER: at a DEAD RUN. PULSE: 70 … 71 Snaking into the favela.

COMMANDOS: converging in a flat-out footchase.

BANNER: three hard turns into the back alleys.. PULSE CHECK: 91…92

COMMANDOS: splitting with hand signals.

BLONSKY and his partner making the correct guesses about which way to turn in the alleys, hot on Banner's tail...

BANNER: up onto trash cans, up onto a tin fence, up onto a roof and we're rising with him and suddenly…

ROOFTOPS OF THE FAVELA… dropping away in tin terraces below and beyond. A Maze for a rat-race…

BANNER'S FEET POUNDING ON TIN ROOFS.

BLONSKY: still on the street, catches a glimpse of Banner skylighted up high, leaping down the roofs. Reads his angle, signals his partner to keep following Banner as Blonsky BREAKS AWAY to cut off his route.

THE VAN: blasting through the night streets of the slum, circling to come in from the other side.

VIDEO MONITORS: the chaotic green images of the chase from the HEAD CAMS POV'S

BANNER: Jumping across narrow alleys… Looking back… Two Black figures pounding down the roofs, skylighted behind him. A bigger gap between roofs… he takes it without hesitating and makes it but...

PULSE MONITOR: goes 101…102…

BANNER: can't stop, to his feet and off again

THREE COMMANDOS: Blonsky's partner and 2nd Team, take the same jump together. More gear than Banner. Two make it, the other doesn't. HARD HIT into edge of tin roof and to the muddy street. No hesitation, up and moving on the ground…

VAN: moving to stay with the chase. A screen with green dots on it shows Soldier positions.

CABOT
Leader we're at your two-o'clock, team coming from your nine. Got him boxed. Three more moves. Game over.

ROSS: not celebrating yet… there's an X Factor he's waiting for. Glances at RADIATION MONITORS… nothing.

STREET: a lot of people out in this part of the neighborhood, spilling out of bars, walking with girls, easy to get lost in.

BANNER: LEAPING OFF A ROOF he pounds into their midst, turns right and sees…

BLONSKY: DROPPING DOWN ON HIM AND FIRING A DART

BANNER: Feels the breeze of it and hears it clank into a tin wall. He turns and bolts into THICK CROWD of revelers.

BLONSKY: up and after him but a lot of people around slow him up. Loses sight of Banner.

PULSE MONITOR: 109…110…

BANNER: trouble. He can't do this much more before… Runs through an alley, around a corner. Pops out and sees…

BLACK VAN: Side door ripping open and looking right at him is…

ROSS: They lock eyes for the first time in five years. Equal adrenaline.

BANNER: instead of turning, DASHES across the street right in front of the Van and back into the alleys like a rocket.

CABOT (CONT'D)
Okay...Past mobile unit now and heading oh-nine-zero.

BANNER: In the Alleys, breathing too hard. Too freaked by Ross. Has to hide. Hard right into…

INT. A FAVELA BAR - SAME

Plenty of people drinking. Perfect. Pushing through to the back toward the kitchen.

SLAM: he runs right into TOUGH LEADER from the factory and THREE TOUGH GUY PALS. And they are drunk and looking to fight and nobody better could have showed up.

No chit-chat…the guy curses and TAKES A WILD SWING.

BANNER: can't play dodge games this time and in a swift move takes the guy's wrist, goes under his arm, grabs the back of his neck and levers him into the bar…and splits out the back without breaking stride.

THE BRAZILIANS SCRAMBLE AFTER HIM.

EXT. ALLEY NEAR BOTTLING PLANT/ BOTTLING PLANT - NIGHT

Back in the smallest of the dark alleys...Banner looks up

THE BOTTLING FACTORY looms out of the favela.

TOUGH GUYS: pound out of the alley and move along the side of the huge FACTORY, hear the SOUND OF A CHAIN RATTLING, come around the corner and see… A metal door in the back of the factory, it's security chain hanging too loose. They shush each other and the TOUGH LEADER directs two into the door to go after Banner and pulls one with him around to the other side.

SOLDIERS: moving slower, lost their target. Hunting stealthy now. He can't be far. Checking doorways.

BLONSKY: up on the roof. He sees...

A DARK FIGURE: down below (the last of the Brazilian toughs) slipping stealthy into the side of the factory.

BLONSKY
Target acquired.

INT. BOTTLING PLANT - CHANGING ROOM - SAME - NIGHT

PULSE MONITOR: 103…102…101..

BANNER: back against a wall inside the dimly lit locker room of the factory workers. Calming his racing heart. Mind racing. The wet drip of showers. A CLANK. He reacts… Pulse rising again ... 102..103…

INT. BOTTLING PLANT FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

BANNER: creeps through this, pausing to listen. Hears the whispers of the drunk toughs, clumsily following.

Weaving through the innards of the machinery…almost to the far side now. An Exit sign glowing dim green in the dark… he moves to it. Pushes gently on the latch and opens it to slide out into…

TOUGH GUY: smiling. He SHOVES Banner back inside with a loud laugh..

BANNER: turns to run back into the factory but the OTHER TOUGHS have come up behind him …and now they are all around him, shoving and kicking him back inside and up against a piece of machinery in the dark.

BANNER
Please...don't do this.

PULSE MONITOR: 109...110...

THE TOUGH: laugh at him and SHOVE HIM up against the massive machinery near the middle of the floor. THEY TAKE HIS BACKPACK FROM HIM.

TOUGH LEADER slapping him lightly, taunting:

TOUGH LEADER
What? I can't understand you. No fight? Not so tough now, huh? Try those fancy moves again. Come on, we all want to see.

A HARD PUSH and Banner hits his back into a knob and he CRIES OUT in pain.

COMMANDOS: Coming through the locker and office area of the factory hear the yell of pain and the laughter.

BLONSKY: hand signals and they split up.

NIGHT VISION POV: SNAPS ON and turns the factory into a Surreal world of Black with a very few green illuminated patches. Through the forest of pipes and metal - dim green shapes of a cluster of men in the dark.

<u>CUTTING BETWEEN BANNER AND TOUGHS, COMMANDO TEAM, VAN</u>:

VAN: Night vision on the monitors. Ross and Cabot glued.

PULSE MONITOR: 111…112…113

BANNER: pinned against the machinery by TWO TOUGHS holding him now.

BANNER
Stop. Please stop. Me. Angry. Very bad.

TOUGH LEADER
You bad angry, son? I VERY BAD ANGRY!

BANNER'S POV: In the shadows off to the left beyond the men holding him. A BLACK FIGURE moves through dim light in a crouch.

BANNER's FACE: reacting. Panic.

PULSE MONITOR: 125…126…127…

BANNER
Let me go! You don’t understand. Something really bad is going happen here!!

TOUGH LEADER
Yeah, something bad is going to happen.

NIGHT VISION SCOPE: finding BANNER's face, sighting on his neck.

A MUZZLE PEEKS OUT OF THE DARK AND THEN--

ALL AT THE SAME TIME:

BANNER LUNGES, pulling the men holding him

TOUGH GUY SLAMS A FIST IN BANNER'S GUT

BLONSKY FIRES

ONE GUY HOLDING BANNER TAKES A DART IN THE NECK AND SPINS, CONFUSED

PULSE MONITOR: literally racing up through 180…200...

BLONSKY’S NIGHT VISION: The green cluster of figures, one crumpling, and one falling and suddenly…

A GREEN PULSE OF LIGHT CUTS ACROSS THE NIGHT VISION

RADIATION SENSOR LED's: SPIKE into the RED.

VAN: RADIATION COUNTERS SPIKE and ROSS bolts forward in his chair.

BLONSKY: Rips night vision off his head. What the hell was that? Signals 'hold'.

BRAZILIAN TOUGHS, turning, all stepping away from Banner crumpled invisible down in the dark out into floor to investigate, two looking at their friend on the ground starting to freak.

TOUGH GUY
What the hell...?

COMMANDOS in the dark trying to get a fix on what's happening they hear… Cabot on the com in their ears...

CABOT
Is target neutral? Did we get a shot?

TEAM 2 NIGHT VISION POV: through the obscuring forest of metal, the cluster of figures, some stepping toward 1st Team (where the dart came from)., one lying still (the downed Brazilian), but the other… the hardest to see... very dim even in the Night Vision but...

...something is happening to that one…dim and obscure behind the other figures etched in green…

THE SHAPE OF THE FIGURE ON THE GROUND IS CHANGING

BRAZILIANS: Banner's groan in the dark, turns into a horrible anguished sound…with it the sound of tearing and popping and cracking...

TOUGH LEADER: just on the edge of shadow and light, the booze wearing off him, eyes narrowing…something weird is going on but he can't read it…the SOUNDS of PAIN in the dark behind him distract him and, angry, he turns--

TOUGH LEADER
SHUT UP!!!

He throws a kick into the shadows… and it's the worst mistake of his life.

His foot meets something hard and faster than you can blink he is GONE.

RIPPED UPWARD by the leg and into the shadow… His terrified scream drowned by…

A ROAR OF RAGE unlike anything. PRIMAL. Not human.

ROSS and CABOT: the sound ripping into their earphones “What the…?”

THE DARK OF THE FACTORY: The sound of bone cracking and TOUGH LEADER's TERRIFIED SCREAM OF PAIN and then...

...HE FLIES OUT OF THE DARK, from a height of 14 feet and rising as he goes... thrown literally across the factory like a child's ball, clipping through shafts of light and hitting the far wall head first so hard that you hope he didn't survive.

The ROAR fading… A STRANGE BEAT OF SILENCE, as each face tries to grasp the IMPOSSIBLE.

<u>WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IS CHAOS</u>:

TEAM 2 NIGHT VISON: from the left: through the forest of pipes, the cluster of Toughs turn to run from something in the shadow and … SOMETHING ENORMOUS REACHES OUT after them.

TEAM 1 POV: THE TOUGHS explode toward us out of dark, panicked, straight at camera the last of them rising from the Dart-felled friend, a step behind and too slow for THE HUGE ARM THAT COMES OUT OF THE DARK TO GRAB HIM AND YANK HIM BACK.

BLONSKY: as the TOUGHS sprint past him in the dark, not even noticing him. HE SAW THAT ARM.

TEAM 3 NIGHT VISION: (from the right side, at a distance). Through the maze of metal, an ENORMOUS GREEN FIGURE, lifts another green figure…puny in it's HUGE HANDS, struggling and screaming and then gurgling and simply going limp as though the life were literally squeezed out of it like a bug. Dropped like a rag-doll. And then THE SHAPE starts to move…

OVER ALL OF THIS:

CABOT
Where's the target?

Chattered responses on the com.

ROSS
That is the target, goddam it, now take it out!!

CRASHING METAL. Something isn't moving between the machinery, it's smashing through it. We can see the tops of huge arrays, shaking in the light. Sounds of metal wrenching and huge percussive smashes. And somewhere in all the chaos a button gets hit and all the belts and bottles start to move. Adding to the confusion and sound.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Don't let him out of the building! Put all your tranqs in him! Every one you've got! Do it now!!

TEAM 2: Advancing forward slightly on the THING IN THE DARK

A Shadow moving among the metal and Team 2 opens up.

THWWP. THWWP. THWWP. Darts zipping into the dark.

A PATCH OF LIGHT on the concrete floor and the darts fall into it. Bent at right angles like they've hit a concrete wall.

THE SHADOW SPINS AND COMES AT THEM.

TEAM 2 NIGHT VISION: A HUGE BLURRY GREEN SHAPE, COMING AT THEM

TEAM 2: whipping up machine guns…

COMMANDO 1
Holy SHIT! GO LIVE! GO LIV--

MONITORS IN THE VAN: TEAM 2's NIGHT VISION, then the image is awash in blur and static and the...

SOUND OF THAT ROARING RAGE and SOLDIERS SCREAMING.

TEAM 3's POV: In the black, they see the muzzle flashes of two MP5's open up from Team 2's position, an incredible clatter of weaponry after all the silent darts, TRACER FIRE streaking out of them, but not aimed...both LIFTED, rising in the dark and ARCING WILDLY toward the ceiling, bullets clanging into the metal roof, taking out bottles of juice on the belt, the muzzles spinning… the effect almost like a child in the dark twirling two light sticks.

BLONSKY: seeing the same. Despite bullets spraying everywhere, he doesn't hesitate, HE CHARGES… bringing up his GUN, sprinting past the moving machinery. He sees THE MUZZLE FLASHES STOP and hears THE SOUNDS OF BODIES HITTING THE GROUND.

THE SHADOW MOVES AGAIN.

BLONSKY: Drops to his knee with his partner beside him and both OPEN FIRE ON THE SHADOW as it moves to the right across their field toward TEAM 3.

If the Roars were loud before they now become truly horrifying… THE THING in the DARK turns and moves from left to right, the Soldiers' pan their fire concentrating it on the shadow, most of it clanking into machinery sparks flying, but…

IN THE STROBE EFFECT OF THE MUZZLE FLASHES, BEHIND THE FOREST OF METAL...WE SEE THE FORM OF THE THING… MOVING, POWERFUL., SURREAL. THE HEAD HIDDEN IN SHADOW OVER A GIANT, HULKING FORM.

As the SHADOW moves across Team 1's fire toward Team 3, BLONSKY BREAKS AND RUNS RIGHT. As always, one step ahead, moving for position. He sees… A LADDER UP TO A CATWALK RUNNING THE PERIMETER OF THE FACTORY. He goes for it.

TEAM 3: The Monster coming past their position now, heading for the EXIT in the far corner...they OPEN FIRE with BLONSKY's PARTNER moving in behind them and shooting high over their heads… IMPOSSIBLE THAT THEY COULD BE MISSING IT.

SOUND OF BULLETS CLANKING INTO METAL mixed with SOUND OF BULLETS HITTING FLESH… a flat, thick sound.

THE SHADOW TURNS AROUND DIRECTLY INTO THE STREAM OF FIRE

CLOSE UP: FLOOR LEVEL BEHIND A GARGANTUAN ANKLE AND NAKED FOOT IN SHADOW…THE FLESH GREYISH GREEN.

BULLETS: LANDING NEXT TO THE FOOT BY THE DOZEN, SMASHED FLAT.

BLONSKY: Reaches the cat walk and spins… Can make out his men in the dark… follow the line of their tracers into the shadow

… and then a ROAR and a SICKENING RENDING OF STEEL and AN ENTIRE TOWER of the CONVEYOR BELT is being torn from its base… THE BELT SWUNG at the SOLDIERS LIKE A CLUB.

FROM BEHIND THE SOLDIERS: The CONVEYOR BELT coming at them…a giant clothesline of steel. They turn to run and dive but it catches BOTH OF TEAM 3 in the back, SMASHING THEM TO THE GROUND.

BLONSKY'S PARTNER DIVES, but it tumbles onto his leg, BREAKING THE BONE. HE SCREAMS.

VAN: All cameras dead. Monitors black. Just the sounds of moaning over the mic.

ROSS THROWS THE DOOR OPEN AND MOVES:

CABOT

Sir, no!!

INSIDE:

THE SHAPE IS MOVING AGAIN NOW… Faster, it's tormentors silenced… it heads for the back corner, moving under the catwalk where....

BLONSKY: SPRINTS ALONG ABOVE… He can get in position right above where it's heading if he's fast. He makes it just as the SHADOW moves under him, braces his gun on the rail, aims for the HEAD SHOT…

BELOW, LOOKING BACK UP: The SHADOW is moving right at us, still just a BLACK SHAPE. BLONSKY above and beyond IT on the left…OPENS FIRE. THE TRACERS STREAK IN STRAIGHT AT US, HITTING THE FORM IN THE RIGHT SHOULDER BLADE. ENRAGED IT SPINS and as it does….

THE CAMERA SLIDES TO THE RIGHT…PAST THE BACK OF THE ENORMOUS HEAD…and as it passes the head, emerging over the right shoulder…

REALITY DISTORTS HORRIBLY: THE ACID TRIP VERSION OF THE SAME VIEW. BLONSKY'S TRACERS A NIGHTMARE OF LIGHT COMING AT US… EVERYTHING STREAKING AND ACCELERATING AND STUTTERING…. AND THE SOUND: SO OVER-AMPED THAT WHAT WAS LOUD IS LITERALLY NOW AN INTOLERABLE BANSHEE SHRIEK OF NOISE.

THE HAND OF THE THING RISES IN FRONT OF US, BLOCKING THE STREAM OF STREAKING BULLETS, AS THOUGH SWATTING AT BEES.

ON BLONSKY: End of the mag, drops the clip, moves another into the gun without taking his eyes off the target in the shadows… AND THEN HE FREEZES.

BLONSKY POV: THE ARM…RAISED TO BLOCK HIS SHOTS, DROPS, AND THE MONSTER STEPS HALF OUT OF THE SHADOW.

OUR FIRST LOOK AT THE HULK'S FACE: HALF IN LIGHT, HALF IN SHADOW...AND IT'S STARING UP AT BLONSKY WITH FURY...AND BLONSKY IS PARALYZED WITH AWE.

AND THEN WITH A SNARL THE ENORMOUS SHOULDER FLEXES AND THE ARM COMES UP......AND A FORKLIFT IS COMING THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A BASEBALL AT BLONSKY.

HE DIVES… IT CRUSHES THE CATWALK WHERE HE WAS JUST STANDING… COLLAPSING IT PARTLY AND LEAVING HIM LITERALLY HANGING ON FOR LIFE ABOVE THE FACTORY FLOOR, spinning…. But still able to watch as….

THE HULK bends down into shadow…and with a mighty heave, RIPS A HUGE MACHINE BLOCK OUT OF THE FACTORY FLOOR AND INTO THE AIR… RUNNING IT FORWARD STRAIGHT THROUGH THE FACTORY WALL WITH A TREMENDOUS CRASH.

OUTSIDE:

OVER ROSS' SHOULDER, RUNNING TOWARD THE LOOMING WALLS OF THE FACTORY until...

THE ENTIRE WALL OF THE FACTORY EXPLODES, THROWING HIM AGAINST A WALL FOR COVER… HE LOOKS JUST IN TIME TO SEE...

...BEHIND ALL THE METAL, MOVING AWAY DOWN THE ALLEY, OBSCURED.. HE SEES THE PHANTOM HE'S BEEN CHASING. IT LOOKS AROUND FOR A MOMENT, EYES GLINT IN THE DARK...

...AND THEN IT'S GONE.

ROSS: CHEST HEAVING STARING AFTER IT.

INT. BANNER’S APARTMENT - LATER - DAWN

ROSS is looking around for clues in Banner’s existence. CABOT is finishing a conversation with the BRAZILIAN OFFICER.

CABOT
The stuff in the bottles was basic lab chemicals. Zero intel. Like he knew we were coming and cleaned the place. Not a scrap of paper.

As if on cue, BLONSKY enters... with BANNER’s BACKPACK. He thunks it up on the table...

BLONSKY
Saw he had it on the run, but it was gone right before I got the shot off... found it under the machine that our guys got hit with.

CABOT is already in it. Antenna...COMPUTER. Jackpot. And the PICTURE OF BETTY. Blonsky examines it.

BLONSKY (CONT’D)
Girlfriend? Maybe she helps him...

Cabot shoots a look at Ross. Hard, expressionless.

ROSS
No, we closed that door to him a long time ago.

Ross takes the photo from Blonsky and stares at it for a long beat. Thoughts unreadable.

BLONSKY
Sir, with all respect...Does somebody want to tell me just what the hell went down in there? What was that thing?

Ross looks away out the window at the light coming up on the slum.

CABOT
There's rumors in the street about sightings...farmer says he saw a gorilla going into the edge of the forest.

BLONSKY
That was no gorilla. It was 10 feet tall and green...or gray. I couldn't tell. But it wasn't an animal and you can't tell me that thing is hiding somewhere.

ROSS
Two thousand miles of jungle to hide in. He's gone.

BLONSKY
What about Banner?

CABOT
Local PD's on alert. He must have got out when that Thing attacked us...

ROSS
That *was* Banner.

CABOT
You think he led us into it?

ROSS
No I mean <u>It</u>...was Banner. It wasn't an animal, it was him.

BLONSKY
You're going to have to explain that statement.

ROSS
No, I'm not. You did your jobs well, both of you. We were undermanned and that's my fault.
(MORE)

ROSS (CONT'D)
I didn’t think it would happen again...
Pack up and get our men on the plane.
We’re going home.

He walks out leaving Cabot and Blonsky dumbstruck.

EXT. RAINFOREST - MORNING

Banner wakes up in the woods. It's looks like the South American forest.

EXT. MUDDY ROAD IN THE FOREST - SAME

Banner makes his way up out of the trees to a rough mountain road.

A LOGGING TRUCK is coming down the road. He waves it down. Leans in the window

BANNER
Can you help me?

TRUCKER
No habla Portuguese.

BANNER
Where..? Donde...donde estoy?

TRUCKER
Paroma. Paraguay? Brazil es ayi...
Ochenta kilometers.

He waves Banner inside.

EXT. PARAGUAY SLUM - STREET - DAY

Banner sits against a wall begging for money.

EXT. PARAGUAY SLUM - MARKET - DAY

Banner buys clothes at a stall in the market. Finds stretchy pants finally. Better yet, finds a pair of Lycra shorts that look like they'd almost be too big for him. Discreetly holds the leg of the Lycra shorts up behind a very fat lady and stretches one leg hole wide - not as big as her back.

BANNER
Mas grande.

EXT. ALLEY - PARAGUAY STREET - DAY

A muddy alley full of raw trash. Banner is pulling on his new clothes. Finishing he starts to ball up his shredded pants to toss them in a pile when a piece of paper floats down out of one of the torn pockets. He throws the pants down and picks the paper up and looks at it...

Data from MAYNARD

He remembers what he needs to do.

INT. C-130 TRANSPORT PLANE

Two body bags in the back of the plane (Team 2). Two mobile hospital beds with commandos in them (Team 3). One soldier with his leg up and splinted and his arm in a sling (Blonsky's Team 1 partner). Only Blonsky made it through unhurt. He sleeps.

Cabot is up front with Ross who is already studying Banner's docs and correspondence with Mr. Blue.

C.U. - COMPUTER SCREEN: we see Ross flicking past the evidence of Banner’s attempt to cure himself --

CABOT
He’s tight, this one. No names, all authors names deleted. He was using a randomizer to tap different wireless networks every time he went online. We can’t even trace where his email went or where it came from.

Ross absorbed in the pages, a new urgency breaking over him.

ROSS
He’s trying to get rid of it.

CABOT
We’ll have the Agency people down here keep their radar up.

ROSS
It doesn’t matter. He’s already on the move.

EXT. BACK OF A TRUCK - DAY

Banner riding with migrant workers.

EXT. HILLS - DAY

Banner hiking through rugged terrain to avoid border crossings

EXT. DOORWAY - NIGHT

Banner trying to sleep in the doorway of a locked store in a Latin city somewhere. Car lights spill across him huddled there. Eyes closed, but moving under the lids...

FLASHBACK: (CANADIAN BORDER APPREHENSION)

LIGHTS ACCELERATING AT US, horribly overcharged sound of a TRUCK HORN and a TREMENDOUS CRASH. Jump cutting --

The impossible image of the CAB OF A TRACTOR TRAILER being twisted over by our own massive hands... the HUGE LOAD OF LOGS ON ITS BED SPILLING OUT BEYOND.

All horribly distorted and streaked. Like an acid trip.

BANNER WAKES: eyes darting. He shakes it off and gets up and keeps moving.

EXT. BORDER - RIO GRANDE RIVER - NIGHT

Night crossing the desert border with illegals (Mexico to US). A family has children with them, having trouble. Banner picks one up and helps the child across the river.

EXT. RAIL LINE - DAY

Banner jumps a FREIGHT TRAIN. In the U.S. now...heading somewhere.

INT. GENERAL GRELLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Greller sits at his desk looking up at Ross, incredulous.

GRELLER
You wanna tell me that one more time?

ROSS
Do I look like I'm not being serious, Sam?

GRELLER
T., I've known you a long time and I've never seen a cooler head under fire.
(MORE)

GRELLER (CONT'D)
I know something bit you in the ass down there, but that is one hell of a White Whale story. And I am way out on a limb with you on this already.

ROSS
Ask Blonsky.

INT. GRELLER'S OFFICE - WAITING AREA - SAME

BLONSKY sits in dress uniform, waiting. DOOR OPENS from the inner office. ROSS stands there...nods.

INT. GRELLER'S OFFICE - SAME

BLONSKY
...yes, sir. I'd say ten or eleven feet. I'd put him at 1500 pounds easily but could be more. And green. Or gray. Greenish gray. It was very dark. I put three clips on it, sir and didn't even flinch. I didn't miss, I'll stake my medals on that.

GRELLER
Captain, is there a medal you haven't won?

BLONSKY
Medal of Honor, sir. A high percentage are given posthumously of course.

Greller rubs his forehead, Blonsky still sharp at attention.

GRELLER
Relax, will you Blonsky? T., you wanna tell me what the hell you think is really going on here?

ROSS
Banner's work was a tangent of Bio-Tech.

GRELLER
You told me you were going to Brazil to nab a scientist. Are you telling me one of your Super Soldier experiments got out of the box?

ROSS
I'm telling you that this could be an incredibly dangerous weapon in the wrong hands and we have no idea what his intentions are.

GRELLER
Put together a new list.

INT. CORRIDOR/HALLWAY - ARMY BASE - SAME

Ross and Blonsky walk out of the meeting with Greller.

BLONSKY
Are you telling me he becomes that thing at will?

ROSS
I don't have an answer to that, soldier.

BLONSKY
Greller said "Super Soldier". Do you mind if I ask...

ROSS
Yes, I mind. You're asking questions way above your paygrade, Captain.

BLONSKY
Respectfully sir, I lost two men back there who had made it through some bad shit with me. One was on his way out to have a family. I'd just like to know what we got mixed up in.

ROSS
You hungry?

EXT. DINER - AFTERNOON

A classic silver-car diner near the base. Through the plate glass windows in a corner booth we see Ross and Blonsky over a table.

INT. DINER - SAME

ROSS
...do appreciate your professionalism but let me emphasize that what I'm about to share with you is tremendously sensitive to both me personally and the Army.

Blonsky nods, all ears

ROSS (CONT'D)
I'm sure you're aware that we've got an Infantry Weapons Development program...within it however we ran a subprogram for Bio-Tech Force Enhancement.

BLONSKY
Super Soldier.

ROSS
Yes...an oversimplification...but yes. Across the hall they're trying to arm you better, we were trying to make you better. In all the obvious ways and some not so obvious. Banner's work was very early phase, it wasn't even a weapons application. It was radiation mitigation, see if we could give our boys built in insulation against all that depleted uranium nobody likes talking about. It was promising but politicians don't give a Flying F about what real soldiers need, they like big twin rotor heli-planes that don't work that they can build in their states... and so our money was running out. Banner was so sure of what he was on to that he tested it on himself. It was supposed to be very low-exposure and something went wrong. Or went very right... I still don't know.

BLONSKY
Why did he rabbit on you?

ROSS
Banner was brilliant, one in a generation...but he is scientist, not one of us. He doesn't grasp that to have peace and freedom you need Power. That people like you and I need instruments to do what we do.

BLONSKY
So it'd be good to nail him sure, but why not just take the data to someone else?

ROSS
Because he IS the data. As far as I'm concerned, that man's whole body is property of the US Army.

BLONSKY
I have real contempt for people like that.

ROSS
You and me both, Captain. You and me both.

BLONSKY
What about the rest of it? You tried other things?

ROSS
It was very promising but none of it panned out. Or, it *did* but it was...unstable. Made the subjects unstable. I wanted to refine it.. but then Al-Haquid happened and Congress killed it. No stomach.

BLONSKY
You'll need something special to go against that thing. Someone who can survive to learn how to fight it. I'd be willing.

ROSS
Blonsky, how old are you? 40?

BLONSKY
37.

ROSS
Why are you still a Captain? You should be a full Colonel with your record. Shit you could be a Senator! Take your pick. Get out of the trench.

BLONSKY
I don't want to lead. I'm a fighter. That's all I want to be and I want to be the best for as long as I can and I don't want to lose a step and if there's something I can take to give me an edge, I want it.

ROSS
Well, I'm glad to see that all that advertising we do actually works. You know when I came back from Vietnam I was 27. I looked 45. So you're beating the curve. But it takes a toll doesn't it?

BLONSKY
Yes it does.

They clink glasses. Mutual respect growing. A team forming.

INT. SECURE LOCKUP/COLD STORAGE - ARMY MEDICAL LABS - NIGHT

Ross admits himself and one medical technician into a secured medical storage room. It takes codes to get through doors. Individual codes to open any of the cold storage lockers. Ross opens one…the fog of liquid nitrogen keeping something preserved. Ross nods and the technician lifts out the metal canisters…

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ARMY MEDICAL LABS - SAME

After hours and off the books. Ross supervises as Blonsky gets his first injection of the Super Soldier serum. TWO MEDICAL TECHS make the preparations.

MEDICAL TECH
You'll get two separate infusions, dripped in very slowly. One into the deep muscle, one into bone marrow centers. The bone ones are going to hurt.

ROSS
We're giving you a very low dose only. I need you sharp out there, disciplined. First side of any side effect and we stop and you're off team until you straighten out. Agreed?

Blonsky nods again. He's committed.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A sprawling semi-rural Southeastern campus.

PANNING WITH TWO STUDENTS walking along a path the camera finds:

BANNER: standing by a tree,

He scopes out the surroundings, not overly intense but careful.

He walks to a BIG STONE BUILDING. He looks up...

MAYNARD HALL OF PHYSICAL SCIENCES (the note in his pocket)

He watches as students and faculty flow in and out. He mounts the steps and peers through the doors

POV: a SECURITY PASS THROUGH. Guards checking ID's, a metal detector. More secure than in his day.

He walks away, head down, thinking...passing ANOTHER BUILDING.. He stops. Looks at it.

BIOLOGY. He hangs a moment, deciding then goes in the doors.

INT. BIOLOGY BUILDING - LOBBY

BANNER scans the directory/faculty board. Searching for something... and there it is...

"CELLULAR BIOLOGY - DR. ELIZABETH ROSS"

He slips back out the door.

EXT. BIOLOGY BUILDING - SOME TIME LATER - DAY

Banner on a bench: Reading a book and watching the door.

TWO WOMEN talking together as they exit, and one of them is

BETTY ROSS. Dark, lovely.

He sits frozen: the closest he's been to her in five years.

And then he follows--

<u>Bruce watching Betty</u>: keeping his distance

- she gets coffee with the friend and sits and talks
- says goodbye and checks her blackberry and smiles and types back

She is walking now...He could go to her...and then...

...he sees the guy walking toward her smile. And she smiles back and accepts his embrace and kiss. This is SAMSON. They link arms and walk together and Banner has to watch them walk away, Betty's hand slipping inside Samson's.

Another life. He turns away and puts himself back on course.

EXT. STANLEY'S PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

The owner, STAN, early 60's, is turning the sign on the door to CLOSED when a figure slides up and knocks on the glass. STAN freezes as he sees the face of...

BANNER. Stan looks like he's seen a ghost.

INT. BACK KITCHEN OF THE PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

Bruce and the owner catch up. Clearly, they were friends from Bruce's old life.

STAN
...so many rumors. People say the worst things without any idea what they're saying.

BANNER
Stan, I promise you, whatever you've heard about me isn't true.

Stan pats his leg...

STAN
I know it. I know people and I always knew it. But you know how I felt about you two... Have you talked to...?

BANNER
No. She's with....

STAN
Samson. Yeah, you heard. He's a head shrink. They say one of the best. But a good guy. Take my word. Reminds me of you a lit-- Sorry. Bruce, what can I do to help you?

BANNER
I could use a place to stay a few nights.

STAN
You'll stay in the spare room upstairs. Use the back, nobody'll see you come or go.

BANNER
Great. One other thing...can I deliver a few pizzas?

STAN
Deliver all you want, I'll give Lou the week off. But someday you gotta tell me what all this was about.

BANNER
Stan, if I told you, you'd never believe me.

EXT. CAMPUS - THE NEXT DAY

BANNER ON A BICYCLE, delivering pizzas. He's even got the Stanley's hat. Shades too now, keeping a very low profile.

INT. DORM HALLWAY/DORM ROOM

Banner delivers a pie to a room full of kids studying and arguing about issues. That used to be him.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE PORCH/FRONT DOOR - EVENING

A HOT, BITCHY SORORITY CHICK opens the door, others beyond her. She's laughing, takes the two pies and bag of extras and sodas without even acknowledging him... She goes to close the door--

CHICK
Thanks...

BANNER
Ummm...sorry. That’s $46.50

CHICK
Oh...we have an account with Stanley. He knows us... We’re Theta.

BANNER
I can see that you are. Do you mind if we call him?

CHICK
Yes, I mind...anyway it took forever and now it’s cold.

As she says this she pulls out a black olive and on ‘cold’ she FLICKS IT OFF HER FINGER... And it lands on Banner’s hat...

CHICK (CONT’D)
Oops. Sorry.

BANNER
You know, you shouldn’t make me angry. You wouldn’t like me when I’m angry

CHICK
Whatever, pscycho.

She slams the door on him. Peals of laughter from inside.

He turns to go off the porch and a fat KEG DELIVERY KID is coming up the steps... he saw it all.

KEG GUY
Dude, where are your balls? You can’t lay down for that shit! You gotta smash that door in and...

INT. MAYNARD HALL - LOBBY SECURITY - NIGHT

Banner enters with two pizzas. Guard looks up. (Lou Ferrigno)

BANNER
I got a delivery on 5.

GUARD
I don’t think anybody’s up there.

BANNER
Oh man, everybody’s bailing... I already got an medium with no takers. You want it?

GUARD
Don't let me stand in the way of commerce. God bless, brother.

Takes the pizza happily and waves him through.

INT. BANNER'S OLD LAB - HALLWAY AND LAB ROOM

Banner comes down the hall toward his former lab, the place HULK was born...

The LAB is a large open space seen through half-glassed walls. Long work tables full of computer terminals. Large Super-Computer arrays along the walls. It has been turned into a Computer Science lab in the intervening years.

One lone computer nerd GRAD STUDENT, burning the midnight oil at a terminal..brain fried, eyes bleary. Banner stares at the familiar layout and just as the GRAD STUDENT looks up and meets his eye...

FLASHBACK:

Images from the accident that created the HULK. Surreal and overamped as before but more detailed this time.

- FIRE
- a huge MRI-like machine (the Gamma Pulse) rising above us and being smashed through glass
-bodies of two of Banner's grad students lying still under the control console driven back onto them, a soldier in uniform also still
- BETTY, still on the ground a gash in her head
- ROSS on the floor, backing up holding his left arm in agony, trying to reach Betty and looking up at...

BANNER POPS OUT OF IT.

The guy is looking at him... or at his pizza.

Banner opens the door.

BANNER
Those douches in radiation called this in and then split. You want it?

COMPUTER NERD
Whoever you are, you are my new personal hero.

BANNER
Hey...you mind if I jump online for a second?

COMPUTER NERD
Totally. You wanna join my Vice City..."Manolo, choot this piece of chit."

BANNER
Righteous. Gimme a sec.

He sits down and gets to work accessing the University's mainframe.

It asks for "USER: PASSWORD: "

He types: "Dr. Elizabeth Ross"... then thinks a beat. Tries "BettyLovesBruce". Rejected. Tries another of her old ones: "CellsUnite!"

Bingo.

TIGHT ON: COMPUTER SCREEN and BANNER'S FACE as he searches for the records from his work. Searching under
- USMD Research Protocol 456-72378: No results
- GAMMA PULSE: No results

Every attempt to find the records of his program yields no evidence that it ever existed. They have totally expunged all record of his work. HE SAGS.

RING. He looks up. He is receiving a chat invite from "StealthWarrior229".   He looks at it for a long time. The ringing continues. It's impossible they have found him here.

Almost impulsively he clicks "Accept"... the VIDEO CHAT WINDOW OPENS TO REVEAL...

A DIGITAL ANIMATION OF A HUGE MONSTROUS CREATURE, like something out of DOOM, SMASHING WALLS, RAGING until it finds... A PIZZA. AND EATS IT. AND THE MONSTER STARTS TO SHRINK, GROWLING CONTENTEDLY AND THE IMAGE RESOLVES INTO... THE GRAD STUDENT.

BANNER: lifts his head above the computer to look across the rows of terminals and see...

THE GRAD GEEK: lifting his head above his port...gives Banner "Thumbs up."

Banner's face: time to go.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - BACK KITCHEN - NIGHT

Banner is talking to Stan...

BANNER
...gone. All of it. Like it never happened.

STAN
The whole building was closed for a year after the explosion. Military guards...

BANNER
I don’t know what I was thinking. There’s nothing for me here. I don’t know why I came...I hoped...

STAN
What’ll you do now?

BANNER
I’ll go in the morning.

STAN
Where?

BANNER
It’s better if I don’t tell you, Stan.

STAN
I’m so sorry. I wish I could...

BANNER
You did help me, Stan. You’ve got no idea how nice it is just to see a friendly face.

THE BELL ON THE DOOR TINGS, a customer entering...

STAN
I’ll just get rid of em and we’ll have some food...

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - SERVING COUNTER

Stan comes out of the back hearing laughter and looks up and stops cold...

IT’S BETTY AND SAMSON, grabbing a slice on the way home. He tries to hurry em along...

STAN
Kids! I got nothing but marinara now...

BETTY
Oh, I need a Mr. Pink, Stan. Please!

SAMSON
She worked through dinner again.

Betty and Samson talk as Stan starts to make up the special slices... his eyes keep darting to the back...

Tight on: Betty and Samson. He's telling a story about something one of his patient's said. BETTY's EYES flick down to the food...

BETTY
Not too spicy, Stan...

STAN
I know how you like it...

Her focus comes back up to Stan and behind him, in the back, A MOVEMENT CATCHES HER EYE.

BETTY'S POV: BANNER HAS MOVED TO HANG UP STAN'S JACKET AND HAT AND HE LEANS OUT JUST ENOUGH FOR HER TO SEE HALF HIS FACE.

BANNER'S EYES FLICK UP -- A FROZEN INSTANT: his face only half in the light.

STAN MOVES AND BLOCKS HER VIEW...THEN MOVES AWAY AGAIN

AND BANNER IS GONE.

BETTY: FROZEN SHOCK

SAMSON'S MOUTH is moving but everything is SILENT. She stares at the space where she just saw a ghost. But it wasn't a ghost...it was BRUCE. AND SHE RUNS. Dashing under the counter and through the back after him... Samson agape...

EXT. REAR ALLEY OR PARKING LOT BEHIND THE PIZZA PARLOR

THUNDER RUMBLING in the distance, the first drops of RAIN...

BETTY explodes out the back door, looking left and right

BANNER IS WALKING QUICKLY ACROSS THE FAR SIDE OF THE LOT.

BETTY
BRUCE!

He stops but doesn't turn and she moves toward him, still not able to believe it's actually him...and as she draws near.

HE TURNS AND FACES HER and she stops in her tracks, her hand flying to her mouth...she could literally faint from the level of adrenaline and emotion shooting through her body.

BRUCE
It's alright...

SAMSON bursts out the door...

SAMSON
Betty!?

He sees her standing with a dark figure, her hand starting to reach trembling toward him.

BETTY
When did...? Are you...?

BRUCE
I'm alright. I'm so sorry, I didn't want to...

Samson comes up behind her and Banner looks up.

SAMSON
Betty, what happened? Are you okay?

BETTY
Samson, this is....this is Bruce... Bruce Banner.

He takes Banner in for a beat and then reaches out his hand..

SAMSON
Samson Adams.

And he and Banner shake.

The rain is starting to fall more steadily...

BETTY
Can you...? There are just so many things... I can't...

SAMSON
We should get in out of the rain. We're just on our way home now. Will you join us?

BANNER
Yes...thanks, I'd like that. I need to...uh... Tell me where and I'll meet you there in a few minutes.

SAMSON
39 Hillhouse. On the corner of Maple...by the old...

BANNER
Yes I remember. Alright.

Samson nods and turns with Betty to go back through Stanley's.

INT. BANNER'S ROOM ABOVE PIZZA PLACE

Banner explodes into the room, and starts throwing his few clothes into a very small nylon bag. He stops over the sink, looking at himself in the mirror...

INT. CAR - NIGHT - RAIN

Raining hard now. Samson and Betty pull up through their driveway and into the garage.

BETTY
I need to go find him...

SAMSON
I think you should...

Samson looks at her, understanding...nods.

SAMSON
I'll be here.

INT./EXT. A CAR DRIVING IN THE RAIN - NIGHT

BETTY drives through the streets looking for him, desperate. The RAIN is hard now, a thundershower.

She pulls up to the bigger road leading out away to the highway, looks right into the dark...nothing. Looks left and we see the reaction on her face at something she sees...

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

WIDE looking at the shoulder of the road, RAIN pouring down... and BANNER's lonely figure, small in the dark walking along.

HEADLIGHTS approach him from behind and he turns and holds out his thumb and we pan left as the car pulls up ahead of him on the shoulder, brake lights casting a red glow...

AND THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND BETTY IS OUT AND RUNNING TOWARD HIM.

AND SHE EMBRACES HIM LIKE SOMEONE BACK FROM THE DEAD...AND HE HUGS HER BACK, FINALLY.

BETTY
Please don't go away. Please. I need to see you and talk to you.

BRUCE
I want to...so much. But it's not safe.

BETTY
I don't care. Please. You can't just disappear again. I couldn't take it.

BRUCE
I don't want to make things more difficult for you. I couldn't bear that.

BETTY
I want you to come with me now. He does too.

Banner's face: torn. What should he do?

EXT. BETTY AND SAMSON'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - RAIN

Betty's car pulls in through the driveway and into the garage.

We can see that she is alone in the car.

INT. CAR - INSIDE THE GARAGE

Betty hits the clicker and the garage door descends behind her.

And then BANNER SITS UP IN THE PASSENGER SEAT.

INT. SAMSON AND BETTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Samson steps into the living room as Betty emerges from the mudroom/garage entrance. He looks at her...wondering. Betty holds out her hand... AND BANNER STEPS INTO THEIR HOME.

SAMSON
Welcome. Now both of you go get out of those wet clothes. I think we all need some hot food and a *number* of drinks. You're talking, I'm cooking. Now go...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DINING ROOM / INT. KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Samson cooking food while Bruce and Betty talk across a small dining table off the living room. We hear some of what they're saying in fragments from Samson's side of it.

Betty has drawn all the curtains. They are in mid conversation:

BETTY
...and they just let you stay?

BRUCE
I think it was novel at first, they don't get the spiritual tourism up there on the Northern Plateau. And I'm good at fixing things so... It was peaceful. For a long time that's all I wanted.
(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)
When I heard the rug dealer down in town had gotten internet...my brain started going and eventually I couldn't resist. That's how I got to Sterns.

BETTY
And trimethodine...

BRUCE
I didn't think you could synthesize an inhibitor that complex but he has been. I mean five years ago...

BETTY
We're all a lot further along than we were then, but Sterns is way out in front on that score. He had some kind of ethics cloud around him at Cal Tech but it didn't stop him. His work is unbelievably brilliant. So, Brazil for the corablanca?

BRUCE
He's synthesizing it but I had to try to get it at the source. It took a long time just to get there. And I couldn't get a thousandth of what I'd need. If he's even right...

BETTY
And now?

BRUCE
I go find him, I suppose. I don't know if he's really got something and it's a much longer shot without the data but I've got to risk it...

BETTY
No, you don't.

She gets up and goes to a bookshelf with a vase on it. She shakes out a small DATA/FLASHCARD on ring, with a lanyard. She goes back and hands it to him.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I got in there before they carted it all away. I hoped it would tell us something someday.

BRUCE
Does the General know you have this?

BETTY
I don't think so.

BRUCE
He was there in Brazil. When they came for me. I saw him.

BETTY
Oh my god...he's crazier than anybody knows. I'm so sorry... How?

BRUCE
I've twisted it round every possible way. Is there anyway it could have been Sterns?

BETTY
I hear he's a total anarchist. Hates authority. Doesn't think he should answer to anybody. That's why he got in trouble. Bruce, why didn't you...?

SAMSON enters:

SAMSON
I think we're all set.

INT. KITCHEN

Bruce/Betty/Samson eat together at a kitchen table. Convivial, determinedly light, staying off the obvious weight of it all for a moment. Samson is telling a funny story.

SAMSON
...and I said "Miss So-and-so, I've been analyzing your 'condition' for nearly three months and I think I can say conclusively that your issues are more Caffeinated-UnCaffeinated than Manic-Depressive...

They all laugh, even Banner chuckles.

BETTY
...You're not so much Multiple Personality as Spoiled Brat...

BANNER
Your problem isn't ADD so much as laziness.

BETTY
It makes you sound cruel. But Samson takes a few of these to pay for all the free work he does.

SAMSON
Pro-whiners to pay for the pro-bono...

Still laughing... but something has happened. Banner has put his hand to his forehead and...he is weeping.

Something long-held is being released and he begins to simply cry. Betty and Samson fall silent, bearing witness. Betty takes his hand until he pulls himself together.

BRUCE
I'm so sorry. It's been a long time since I felt...light...about anything.

BETTY
It's alright...you're with friends.

INT. HALLWAYS/BEDROOMS/BATHROOM

All say good night. Bruce shakes Samson's hand.

BRUCE
Good night.

SAMSON
Sleep well.

Samson heads for their bedroom. Betty walks Bruce to the spare room. The moment is bittersweet.

BETTY
Do you need anything?

BRUCE
No. I should go early tomorrow. If I can borrow cash from you, I'll take the bus.

BETTY
Of course. I'll drive you out to the station.

It's hard for her to leave him alone, awkward. He looks so tired and lonely. But she finally turns.

INT. BATHROOM

Betty shuts the door and dissolves, crying hard, silently, stifling it.

INT. BETTY AND SAMSON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She enters. He can see that she's cried and comes to her. She hugs him hard

BETTY
Thank you.

EXT. BETTY AND SAMSON’S HOUSE - NIGHT

All the lights off.

INT. SPARE ROOM - SAME

Bruce can't sleep: Lying in the dark, staring up.

Memory Flash: Betty lying in a sunny room under sheets next to him, playing with his hand, biting his fingertips

Memory Flash: Betty lying in a coma, turning to see Ross outside the glass door with two MP’s.

He hears a small thump from the Living Room and turns his head to listen....

INT. LIVING ROOM

Banner emerges into the dark of the living room, cautious.

SAMSON is in front of the fireplace adding a log to a small fire he’s got going. He got a pillow and blanket on the couch for himself and a bottle of wine.

BANNER
Hey...

Samson jumps badly...he didn’t hear Bruce...

SAMSON
Good lord, you scared me...

He sits on the couch and Banner sits in the chair opposite him.

SAMSON (CONT’D)
I thought it might be easier for all of us...Want some wine? I’m having a lot.

They both start to laugh because there's no getting around it all.

He drains his glass, fills it and gives it to Bruce and keeps the bottle. They talk in low tones...

BANNER
You’re been incredibly generous. I’m very sorry to have...dropped in like this.

SAMSON
I think I read a Raymond Carver story about a situation like this once...
(MORE)

SAMSON (CONT'D)
I seem to remember thinking there was a lesson in it but it eludes me at the moment. So much for the insights of literature.

BANNER
Whatever you may think, I didn’t come here to see Betty...

SAMSON
Then why did you come?

BANNER
I have a problem...I thought part of the solution might be here.

SAMSON
Cryptic. But I’ll take it at face value. I’ll confess something to you if you’ll clear up some things for me...First, I confess, as a man...as Betty’s lover... that I have always hoped you were dead. Not because I didn’t like you but because I love Betty and I’ve known that unless you were really gone, or she believed you were, that there would always be three of us in this relationship. I’ve dreaded the thought of you walking through the door. But now that you’re here...I have to admit that I’m very happy about it. Because I’m also a psychiatrist. And I’m very committed to putting light into dark corners, so to speak, and I’m very good at finding my way into the places people hide their secrets. I do it primarily because I think it helps them but also frankly because I’m interested in what people have to hide. Betty has a very dark corner that I have never found my way into, despite considerable, careful effort. And the only thing I know about her dark place is that <u>you</u> are in it. And I’m wondering if you’ll be honest enough to tell me: why are you something that she won’t talk about?

This is said simply, directly...without threat or malice.

BANNER
There are...aspects of my personality that I can’t control. And I hurt Betty...in ways I will never forgive myself for.

SAMSON
You don't drop your career and fall off the face of the earth for five years because you've got an anger management issue, Bruce. You see a shrink.

BANNER
It's a little more complicated than that. Samson, I've been alone for a long time now. I have to be. The toughest part of it is that I worry about what I've done to Betty. If she's happy and you're a part of that, then that makes me very happy. Honestly. The last thing I want to do is cause any trouble for her...or for you. I'd kill myself before I'd hurt her again.

SAMSON
Totally honest and yet avoiding something. Exactly like her.

INT. SAMSON AND BETTY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bruce pulling his sweatshirt on, stepping into the hall. He can hear Betty and Samson in the kitchen. Talking in low tones... barely hears....

SAMSON (O.S.)
Just promise me you'll come straight home...

Betty steps out into the living room, Samson behind her.

BETTY
Ready?

INT. BETTY'S CAR - CAMPUS ROADS - MORNING

Betty and Bruce drive through campus.

BANNER
Stop a second...

She pulls the car over.

EXT. CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

Banner gets out of the car and steps up onto the grass and across the walking paths to a spot with a tree and bench and a view of the buildings and lawns. Betty moves next to him.

BANNER
What were we doing here? I mean what were we really trying to accomplish? Do you ever ask yourself that?

BETTY
We were trying to...understand. Crack a puzzle. Advance things a little.

BANNER
I think that's what we told ourselves. At least the General was honest about what he wanted out of it. I don't think we were as honest.

BETTY
No, you've turned this on yourself too hard. We did talk about it and we were all comfortable. The worst you can say is that you rushed it...but you took your own risks, you didn't ask anybody else too.

BANNER
But it wasn't me that died.

BETTY
Nobody thought something like that was possible...

BANNER
I don't know...Nature took a long time to build us like we are...this whole delicate wonderfully sophisticated system refined over billions of years. We come in and monkey with it...think we can improve it overnight. Sooner or later it's going to blow up in our face...

Thunder rumbles in the distance… a summer storm.

As they are talking… he begins to perceive something odd… people clearing away from the open campus… is it about to rain again?

In the distance beyond a building: A STUDENT reacting to something unseen

BANNER's eyes flick: Just beyond the far edge of a building

A SNIPER MOVES FOR POSITION...THEY'VE COME FOR HIM. His face tenses... He grabs Betty

BANNER (CONT'D)
They're here.

BETTY
What...?

BANNER
Go home. You've got to get as far away from me as you can, right now! Go!!

And he breaks and runs.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS LEFT - DAY

He takes off at a full sprint, moving right to left along the buildings, trying to outdistance the soldiers before they get a bead on him...

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS RIGHT - DAY

Betty starting to run toward the direction they saw the soldiers. MORE SOLDIERS coming into view, sweeping across the grounds between the buildings heading in the direction Bruce went.

In the distance, through the campus complex on the road on the far side she sees FOUR HUMVEES jumping off the road and heading the same way along the opposite perimeter of the campus. One has a MOUNTED .50 Cal gun; two have LARGE STRANGELY SHAPED CANNONS MOUNTED ON THE REAR; One has a FLAMETHROWER on a SWIVEL MOUNT.

Betty starts looking around, frantic...

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS LEFT

Banner still sprinting to get in the clear; catching glimpses of:

Soldiers on foot giving chase… a Humvee far off behind the buildings, accelerating along the grass.

BANNER'S POV: THE TREELINE -- out beyond the last of the buildings and across an open expanse of field.

INT. COMMAND/TECH SUPPORT VAN

Ross, Cabot and technicians, monitoring the progress. Ross is fuming that the trap got blown...Cabot is already adjusting.

ROSS
Goddam it! We'd have had snipers on target in three more minutes. I want to know who waved at that civilian... They're going to Sadr City!!

CABOT
Target on the run, heading 350, Sniper 2 has the shot. Straight at your 12 Blonsky.

EXT. TREELINE

BLONSKY’s POV: SNIPER SCOPE: Banner running directly at him in the long lens of the scope.

BLONSKY
Got him.

REVEAL: BLONSKY and THREE OF HIS TEAM, hidden in the trees, waiting.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS LEFT / EXT. TREELINE - INTERCUT

BANNER RUNNING: Eyes reading the field. Something ahead catches his eye..

IN THE TREELINE: a dull flash. Nothing obvious, but light kicked off something in the trees.

BLONSKY's POV: Banner puts on the brakes and stops, seeming to stare right at him.

BANNER: alarm bells going off..HE BREAKS TO HIS RIGHT, INTO THE BUILDING COMPLEX

BLONSKY POV (SCOPE): BANNER turns into the buildings

BLONSKY
Shit. We’re made. He’s going inside.

Blonsky and his men break from cover and sprint to close in from this side.

WIDE: Blonsky and team explode out of the trees and sprint across the wide open space between the forest and the buildings

BLONSKY is MUCH FASTER than the others. IMPOSSIBLY FAST.

EXT. CAMPUS BUILDINGS - DAY

BANNER: weaving among the buildings. Getting closed in. He has to find cover… he sprints through an enclosed courtyard, pulls open a side door and ducks inside.

INT. STAIRWELL

Kneeling at the bottom of the stairs, ripping off his pack, fumbling to get something out... THE DATA CARD.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS RIGHT

BETTY: Clears the line of buildings and sees the open rolling lawns of the campus and the park and woods beyond

Then Betty sees: A BLACK MILITARY MOBILE COMMAND VEHICLE cruising on the road beyond the lawns, parallel to the action.

She heads toward it…

INT. STAIRWELL

BANNER: He's got a water bottle out of his pack… he rips the cap off, and then takes the DATA CARD and SHOVES IT INTO THE BACK OF HIS THROAT, FORCING IT DOWN… SLUGGING WATER TO CHOKE IT BACK… He coughs and gags but gets it down… He's not going to lose it after all this.

He tears up the stairs...

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS LEFT

SOLDIERS: Outside swarming around the base of the buildings starting to enter doors...

BLONSKY: Reaches the outer edges of the quads, can see that there are troops and vehicles surrounding the buildings now.

BLONSKY
Look alive, this could get interesting.

INT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING - HALLWAYS

BANNER: At the top floor, around through the corridor, looks out a window:

POV: Soldiers entering the base of his building.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS RIGHT

BETTY: Catching up to the Command Vehicle on road beyond the grass, running in the grass parallel to it she starts to yell.

BETTY
I know it’s you!

INT. COMMAND/TECH SUPPORT VAN

ROSS and CABOT are monitoring screens, radiation counters. CABOT looks out the window to monitor movements on the ground and she spots Betty...

CABOT
Sir...sir?

Ross looks up at her...

CABOT (CONT'D)
It's your daughter.

Ross turns…sees Betty outside…

BETTY (FROM OUTSIDE)
Come out of there!

Ross throws the door of the vehicle open and jumps out… two soldiers emerge to flank and cover him … and they stand facing each other.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Please don't do this... He needs help!

ROSS
You can't see this clearly now get inside.

He moves to grab her arm and she resists...

INT. PEDESTRIAN OVERPASS/ EXT. GROUNDS BEYOND CAMPUS BUILDINGS - INTERCUT

BANNER: bursts through double doors and into a GLASS ENCLOSED PEDESTRIAN OVERPASS, FOUR STORIES UP, leading to the next building…

SOLDIER'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Target is in the overpass. Have visual.

ONE OF ROSS'S SOLDIERS
There he is!

Ross, Betty everybody looks to see BANNER STREAKING ACROSS THE OVERPASS

BANNER'S POV: through the doors ahead - SOLDIERS. Whips around. More visible back where he came from. He's trapped.

GROUND: Ross dashes back at the van...

ROSS
Do not engage! Repeat: do NOT engage!

CABOT
Hold positions, stand down.

ROSS
Put canisters in that tube, one on either side.

FROM SHELTERING COVER ALONG THE WALLS OF THE BUILDINGS BELOW THE OVERPASS, TWO SOLDIERS WITH SHOULDER FIRED GRENADE LAUNCHERS STEP OUT AND AIM UP AT THE TUBE...

AND FIRE GAS CANISTERS UP AT IT.

BANNER: inside the tube looking left and right at SOLDIERS holding outside the doors at each end of the tube, wondering why they haven't moved on him when...

SMASH! The gas canisters BURST through the windows from below on either side of BANNER, CLANK into the ceiling, clatter to the floor and immediately start filling the tube of the overpass with a paralyzing gas.

BANNER's EYES GO WIDE, reflexively he takes a deep breath and holds it.

FROM THE GROUND: BANNER DROPS TO HIS KNEES UP IN THE TUBE

BETTY
BRUCE!!

She breaks from in front of the Command Van and starts running across the wide grass toward the tube...

ROSS
Get her back here!!

THE SOLDIERS ARE ALREADY SPRINTING AFTER HER.

IN THE TUBE: filling with white smoke

BANNER spots Betty running across the grass get TACKLED BY TWO SOLDIERS

BANNER'S EYES GO WIDE just as...

ON THE GROUND: BLONSKY ROUNDS THE CORNER AND LOOKS UP AT THE TUBE FILLED WITH SMOKE...just in time to see...

A GREEN PULSE STROBES THROUGH THE WHITE SMOKE

Blonsky, Ross, Betty and Cabot react…

RADIATION MONITORS in the VAN SPIKE INTO RED

CABOT
Geiger’s lighting up!

ROSS
Alright...now we’ll see.

LIGHTS FLICKER over the Soldiers on either side of the door

SOLDIER'S POV: BANNER’S FIGURE through the double doors… doubled over on the floor…mostly obscured by the WHITE SMOKE

BANNER'S FACE: MOSTLY HIDDEN IN SMOKE, TWISTED IN AGONY…but even through the smoke we can see… THAT THE COLOR OF HIS SKIN IS SURGING A DARK GREEN.

ON THE GROUND: Seen from below the tube is now filled with white smoke. No figure is visible.

BETTY's FACE, looking up at the tube as...

A HAND AND ARM SLAP UP AGAINST THE GLASS, CLAWING IN AGONY… NORMAL EXCEPT FOR ITS GREENISH GRAY COLOR

AND THEN THAT ARM STARTS TO SWELL AND RIPPLE, MUSCLES EXPLODING ALONG THE LENGTH OF IT…

AND THEN THE ARM DROPS OUT OF SIGHT.

SOLDIER'S POV: OBSCURED BY SMOKE. A MUFFLED HOWL OF PAIN COMING FROM INSIDE THE TUBE

THE FIGURE IN THE SMOKE NOW AN ENORMOUS DARK SHAPE ON ITS KNEES... IT BEGINS TO RISE.

FROM BELOW: THE SHADOW RISES INTO VIEW, SLOWLY TURNS, SHAKING ITS HEAD...THROWS ITS ARMS BACK WIDE AND ROARS...SMASHING ITS FISTS FORWARD

GLASS SHATTERS ALONG THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE TUBE, SMOKE POURING OUT OF IT...REVEALING...

THE HULK.

OUR FIRST FULL VIEW OF HIM… MUSCLES RIPPLING, POURING HIS RAGE OUT ON THE PUNY PEOPLE BELOW...

CABOT
They should not put this in the
recruitment video.

AND THEN HULK LEAPS DOWN FROM ABOVE, SMOKE TRAILING OFF HIM AS HE FALLS... POUNDING INTO THE GROUND, MAKING IT TREMBLE. LANDING WITH ONE KNEE BENT... HE RISES UP TO FIGHT.

EXT. CAMPUS PERIMETER - DAY

The lawns and fields between the campus buildings and the woods.

ROSS
We're going to Bravo. Move him 360 in range of the cannons. Keep your cool and be ready to move. Alpha Team give him all of it.

Immediately a BARRAGE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE POUNDS INTO THE HULK's RIGHT...BLASTING FROM THE SCULPTURE GARDEN. Six Soldiers with assault rifles supported by a HUMVEE with a MOUNTED .50 Cal.

ROUNDS pepper the Hulk like bees, stinging and enraging him. He throws up an arm to ward them off but then instead of being driven left HE TURNS AND CHARGES INTO THE FIRE

THE .50 Caliber STARTS BLASTING

These rounds hit HULK harder, with the flat smack of a bullet hitting a tree. THEY HURT.

HULK RAISES UP HIS HAND LIKE A SHIELD, THE HEAVY ROUNDS POUNDING AGAINST HIS PALM AND RAKING DOWN HIS LEGS

BUT HE COMES CHARGING ON and Soldiers scatter...

HUMVEE DRIVER POV: HULK COMING AT HIM. He floors it in reverse but too late...

Hulk raises his fists high and brings them down through the engine block, CRUSHING THE NOSE INTO THE GROUND.

HANDS IN THE ENGINE BLOCK, HE HEAVES THE VEHICLE UP, THE GUNNER STILL CLINGING ON FOR LIFE, AND SMASHES IT AGAINST THE MASSIVE BLACK, STEEL PLATES OF A 20 FOOT HIGH CALDER SCULPTURE, OVER AND OVER. THE HUMVEE DISINTEGRATES IN EXPLOSIONS OF METAL AND GAS, SCATTERING REMAINING SOLDIERS

LIQUID FLAME: BLASTING IN FROM HULK'S LEFT, flowing over his shoulder and back, singing his skin and hair

ROARING HE SPINS BEHIND THE HUGE SCULPTURE, THE ENGINE BLOCK STILL DANGLING IN HIS HANDS.

From profile now we can see that A MOUNTED FLAMETHROWER ON ANOTHER HUMVEE is pouring a stream of flame across the lawn at HULK, the FIRE BLASTING AGAINST THE PLATES OF THE SCULPTURE AND FLOWING AROUND AND PAST HULK.

THE JET CUTS OFF AS THE VEHICLE MANEUVERS TO GET AN ANGLE ON HULK AND IN THIS SPLIT SECOND BREAK

HULK STEPS OUT , RAISES THE ENGINE BLOCK OVER HIS HEAD AND HURLS IT LIKE SOCCER THROW-IN, PULVERIZING THE VEHICLE AND FLAME GUN WHICH CATCH FIRE, THE DRIVER CRUSHED, THE GUNNER SPILLING OUT IN FLAMES AND ROLLING.

THUNDER CRACKS and HULK ROARS HIS DISPLEASURE…

ROSS (CONT'D)
GODDAM IT!! I need real firepower, where's our air support?!

CABOT
Base, we need that bird on target without delay...

ROSS (CONT'D)
If you can't push him get him to chase you but move him toward those cannons, damn it--!

KABOOM: THE FLAME THROWER AND HUMVEE EXPLODE

INT. SAMSON AND BETTY'S HOUSE

SAMSON: at home in the kitchen. Under the rumble of thunder he hears the explosion. His head jerks up. Mind starts racing…

EXT. SAMSON AND BETTY'S HOUSE

Exits his front door and hears the clatter of small arms fire...and he STARTS TO RUN.

EXT. CAMPUS PERIMETER

BACK AT THE FIGHT: SOLDIERS are peppering the HULK with machine gun fire from UP IN THE BROKEN SHELL OF THE OVERPASS and from BLONSKY's POSITION.

HULK IGNORES THEM, bullets smacking his back and CLANKING off the steel plates of the big sculpture. HULK likes these plates and he HEAVES AGAINST ONE, tearing it off it's metal hanging arm, holding it's center mounting bolt like the handle of a huge shield. HE PULLS AGAINST A SECOND PLATE-- the RIVETS POPPING and the SOUND OF METAL SCREECHING as it tears away.

BLONSKY: Realizing that somebody's got to come up with a better idea:

BLONSKY
Cover me....

BLONSKY races across the grass straight at the back of….

HULK: with a final pop of rivets the plate tears off. HE NOW HAS TWO HUGE STEEL SHIELDS, one with JAGGED TORN EDGES like a circular saw blade.

And then something hard and heavy strikes the back of his head and EXPLODES UNDER HIM, stinging his legs…

He turns....BLONSKY.

Throwing GRENADES like fastballs, perfect strikes. He's got Hulk's attention and that's what Blonsky wants.

BLONSKY (CONT'D)
Remember me?

HULK ROARS AND CHASES BLONSKY, wielding his plates like scythes...

Blonsky dodges and fights with what increasingly looks like impossible (enhanced) strength and speed. LEAPING TO AVOID THE SLICING PLATES, SPRINGBOARDING OFF OF THEM, WHILE TURNING AND FIRING HIS WEAPONS INTO THE HULK AT CLOSE RANGE.

ROSS: reacting to his SECRET WEAPON

ROSS
Jesus, he's doing it... EARS ON!!

SOLDIERS: in all positions, scramble to pull the ear protection on.

BLONSKY: at a dead sprint now, actually moving out on HULK a little

BLONSKY POV: 100 yds out, TWO HUMVEES ABOUT 50 yds APART in the field...LARGE CANNONS POINTING RIGHT AT BLONSKY

He's dashing between them.

CANNON SOLDIERS: unsure if they should fire, Blonsky in the field of fire...

BLONSKY
Hit him....hit him NOW!!

AND THEY FIRE: but these are no normal cannons. The are SONIC CANNONS, unleashing a murderous cone of low-frequency sound. Huge circular waves expanding as they warp the air moving at Blonsky and HULK.

BLONSKY IS GOING TO BE CAUGHT IN THE CROSS FIRE WITH HULK... BUT HE DIVES OVER 20 FEET INTO THE SAFETY ZONE AND ROLLS, COMES UP AND LOOKS BACK AT...

HULK: ENGULFED IN THE SOUND WAVES. The first one hits him slightly from the front left, knocking him down on his right knee.

The second one comes right on the heels of the first, pounding in from the right, catching him in a crushing crossfire. HIS HANDS FLY TO HIS HEAD. With his over-amped sense this is the worst thing that could happen to him.

THE WAVES spill across Hulk and beyond him, expanding and decimating all in their path. TREES vibrate and split; WINDOWS in the faces of the buildings explode and BRICK and MORTAR tremble.

SOLDIERS ON THE TUBE: scramble to get inside the building as THE ALREADY BROKEN TUBE COMES APART.

ONE SOLDIER: from Blonsky's position who watched the HULK chase Blonsky past, DASHING OUT OF ONCOMING WAVES.... STUMBLES. GETS HIT and literally BLOWN SIDEWAYS, Ear protection comes loose, BLOOD COMING OUT HIS EARS AND NOSE AND MOUTH, his insides PULVERIZED.

HULK: HOWLING IN PAIN. On his knees, his SHIELDS on the ground in front of him, his skin literally RIPPLING under the waves of sound

WRAPPING AROUND BEHIND HIS HEAD: THE SCENE DISTORTS into HULK'S REALITY...

THE WAVES ARE NIGHTMARE OF DISTORTION...ALMOST LIKE BEING HAMMERED BY STEEL. THE WORLD A DISTORTED BLUR BEYOND ANYTHING WE'VE YET SEEN.

DARK GREEN BLOOD TRICKLING OUT HIS EARS: his brains are literally being scrambled.

ROSS

Nets!

SOLDIERS in two TWO MAN TEAMS with RPG-like UNITS, run forward into the point of the 'V' between the cannons waves and FIRE...

NETS...EXPANDING WEBS OF SUPER-STRONG STEEL CABLES DROPPING OVER HULK

HULK FALLS FORWARD ONTO ONE FIST, TRYING TO HOLD HIMSELF UP, HIS ARMS STICKING THROUGH THE NETS.

BETTY: can't take anymore

BETTY

You're killing him!

She starts to run toward him but the same SOLDIERS chase and HOLD HER BACK.

SAMSON: dashing past the last edge of the CAMPUS RIGHT buildings and running toward the Sculpture Garden sees...

CARNAGE: Soldiers and metal lying at the foot of the sculptures, the smoking wreckage of the Flamethrower vehicle

AND AN IMPOSSIBLE SIGHT: A HUGE GREEN HULKING FORM engulfed in nets and waves of distortion... he looks right, searching...

Betty - held by two soldiers straining toward the THING.

SAMSON

BETTY!!

And as he shouts this Betty strains forward screaming at the HULK:

BETTY

BRUUCE!!

SAMSON: following her gaze back to the HULK. And suddenly Samson understands what was in that dark corner she wouldn't let him into. He stands gaping at the impossible.

ROSS: moves to pull Betty back to the van.

BETTY (CONT'D)

BRUCE!!

HULK: Hears her scream and turns his head and SEES BETTY AND HEARS THAT NAME.

A GREEN PULSE IN THE BASE OF HIS SKULL AS RAGE COURSES THROUGH HIM:

His strength and form visibly swell and he STRAINS upward, raising one of the plates….but the sound waves are too much for him and he DROPS THE PLATE AGAINST THE OTHER ONE

CLANG: The clanging of the metal, disrupts the waves around him for a just for a second and he feels it…

With TITANIC EFFORT, his arms sticking through the nets…he heaves up on the steel plates, every muscle straining and bursting with new power, he spreads his arms wide and SMASHES THE PLATES together like giant CYMBALS…

THE CRASH is unbelievable and the vibrations push the SONIC WAVES clear of him for a moment and in this moment of freedom...

With his right arm HE HURLS ONE PLATE LIKE A MASSIVE THROWING STAR AT THE LEFT-HAND CANNON and THE PLATE CUTS THE HUMVEE AND THE CANNON IN HALF and possibly its operator too.

THE SOUND WAVE IS COMING BACK INTO FOCUS from the remaining cannon but now HULK HAS HIS OTHER BIGGER SHIELD UP IN FRONT OF HIS LEFT SHOULDER and the SOUND POURS AGAINST IT AND OVER AND AROUND IT.

IN THIS SHELTER he rips the nets off of himself with his right hand.

AND LEANS THE SHIELD AGAINST THE SOUND WAVES AND BEGINS TO ADVANCE.

BLONSKY AND OTHERS FIRE ON HIM HITTING HIS LEGS but..

LEANING INTO IT LIKE A MAN WALKING INTO A FIREHOSE HULK CLOSES ON THE CANNON,

BENDS DOWN, and LEAPS UP AND OUT OF THE CONE OF SOUND, AND COMING DOWN WITH HIS SHIELD DIRECTLY ON THE CANNON, SMASHING IT AND THE WHOLE REAR OF THE HUMVEE AS NEATLY AS A CAR-CRUSHER IN A JUNK YARD.

SILENCE:

HULK steps off the crushed car, Shield in his left hand.

PILOT'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Two minutes out, Major...

ROSS
All positions, keep him engaged, don't let him leave and prepare to fall back on my order...

Nobody moves. Nobody's engaging that THING anymore...

Except BLONSKY. He gets up and comes at Hulk. UNLOADS HIS FINAL CLIP at Hulk just to get his attention as he circles round to face him. Whips up an M-79 GRENADE LAUNCHER, breaks the short fat tube open and loads a MORTAR ROUND.

HULK stands strangely still...watching Blonsky.

PILOT'S VOICE
Closing...what's the target?

CABOT
290 from my position, 300 yds, ten feet tall and green

PILOT'S VOICE
Come again.

ROSS
You heard right. Put everything you've got on it. Take it out. Ground teams pull back...

ROSS/CABOT/BETTY POV: across the grass, BLONSKY on the right squaring off against HULK, huge on the left, dwarfing him.

BLONSKY
Come on, Banner!! That all you got!?

ROSS (OVER RADIO)
Blonsky, fall back now!

HULK'S EYES NARROW. THIS ONE HE REALLY DOESN'T LIKE. HE LIFTS HIS SHOULDER WITH THE SHIELD AS THOUGH HE MIGHT SWING IT.

BLONSKY
Come on let's see what else you've g--

SMASH!! WITH BLINDING SPEED, HULK SNAPS HIS FOOT OUT AND CATCHES BLONSKY TOTALLY FLATFOOTED

THE WHOLE BOTTOM OF HULK'S MASSIVE SOLE MEETS BLONSKY'S BODY SQUARE ON, INSTANTLY BREAKS EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY AND SENDS HIM HURTLING 50 YDS IN THE AIR, LANDING AND SKIDDING FOR 100 YDS MORE THROUGH GRASS, SKIDDING LIKE A LIMP BROKEN DOLL.

THE THUNDER CRACKS AND IT BEGINS TO RAIN.

HULK TURNS TOWARD ROSS AND BETTY's POSITION AND STARTS WALKING TOWARD THEM.

ROSS
Fall back! Bird hitting the deck, fall back!

In the distance, maybe the first faint dull THWOP of a rotor.

SOLDIERS in Ross's team scrambling back across the road. Piling out of the command van...

ROSS and CABOT hustling too...abandoning the van. Ross's eyes dart to his soldiers who held Betty...they're moving across the road...

<u>The next all happens within seconds</u>:

ROSS TURNS TO SEE... BETTY MOVING TOWARD HULK ACROSS THE GRASS

SAMSON: watching wide-eyed as BETTY steps up to the monster, hears a sound behind him and turns.

AN APACHE GUNSHIP ARCS IN OVER TREES, LOW IN THE DISTANCE and HOVERS INTO POSITION.

C.U.- GUNSHIP TARGETING COMPUTER: target acquisition zoning in on the massive form of the HULK's BACK, <u>not seeing Betty on the other side of him</u>

HULK and BETTY face each other. Betty reaches a hand up to touch his arm...

BETTY
Bruce...?

Dim recognition on Hulk's face

PILOT'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Hold onto your hats...

ROSS
Hold fire---!!!

TOO LATE -- MASSIVE GATLIN CANNONS OF THE APACHE UNLOAD, TEARING UP THE EARTH AROUND HULK AND BETTY

SAMSON
NO!

BETTY instinctively presses into HULK’s body for shelter.

ROUNDS POUND INTO HULK’S BACK...SOME ACTUALLY SLICE THROUGH THE FLESH OF HIS LEGS, TEAR THE SKIN ON HIS BACK

KEEPING BETTY BEHIND HIM, HULK TURNS TO FACE THE ONSLAUGHT, ROARING..

THE APACHE STARTS TO ACCELERATE TOWARD HIM TO BRING THE FULL CONCENTRATION OF FIRE ON HIM

CABOT
CEASE FIRE!!

THE GUNSHIP is a quarter mile away now and very low and coming on fast.

HULK TORQUES HIS BODY LIKE A GREEK DISCUS THROWER AND... HURLS THE MASSIVE PLATE THROUGH THE AIR

THE GUNSHIP never sees the MISSILE until it’s too late

IT RIPS THROUGH THE ROTOR TOWER, LITERALLY CLEAVING THE WHOLE MAIN ROTOR OFF THE SHIP

AND THE SHIP GOES DOWN...NOSE FIRST, DROPPING OUT OF THE AIR AS IT PASSES OVER SAMSON

PLOWING INTO THE GROUND 50 YDS FROM HULK AND BETTY

HULK SPINS HIS BACK TO THE EXPLOSION, WRAPPED AROUND BETTY.

THE GUNSHIP EXPLODES, THE FLAME AND METAL TUMBLING ALONG THE GROUND AND COMPLETELY ENGULFING HULK AND BETTY.

EVERYBODY KNOCKED TO THE GROUND BY THE CONCUSSION OF THE FIREBALL.

From the ground Ross looks up at the inferno that probably killed his daughter, and sees...

HULK EMERGING FROM THE FLAMES, CRADLING AND SHELTERING AN UNCONSCIOUS BETTY.

HE SNARLS AT ROSS, THEN THUNDER CRACKS AND HIS HEAD JERKS UP SENSING MORE ASSAULT....

RAIN STARTS POURING DOWN

AND HE RUNS.... ACROSS THE LAWNS, PAST SOLDIERS AND WRECKAGE, PAST BLONSKY'S BODY, HIS STRIDES LENGTHENING WITH EACH STEP

SMASHING INTO THE TREES AND OUT OF FRAME INTO THE DARK.

EXT. BETTY AND SAMSON'S HOUSE - DAY - RAIN

Samson stands in the empty garage

ROSS (O.S.)
You did the right thing calling us.

REVEAL: ROSS, standing in the garage with Samson.

MILITARY VEHICLES wait in the street.

ROSS (CONT'D)
You're doubting it now because it went bad but your instincts were right. You see who he is now...*what* he is.

SAMSON
No, I don't actually. He wasn't what I thought he'd be at all. It was strange to me that she would never say what had happened between them...she's one of the most honest people I know. But it was this, wasn't it? And you knew about it too...you were all a part of it?

ROSS
I need to know where they're going. She'll be in incredible danger as long as she's with him.

SAMSON
From who? He protected her. You almost killed her.

ROSS
I give you my word that her safety is my main concern at this point. Bruce's as well. I care about him more than you realize. I don't want to hurt him, I want to help him.

SAMSON
You know it's a point of professional pride with me that I can always tell when somebody is lying. He wasn't...and you are. But I don't know where he was going. I know that she'll help him if she can.

ROSS
Then she'll be aiding a fugitive and I won't be able to help either of them.

Ross walks out the driveway to his waiting van.

SAMSON
I used to wonder why she never talked about you...now I know.

Ross walks away without looking back.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - RAIN

Hulk emerges from the trees in the rain holding Betty

Hulk spies a cave opening in the rocks…

EXT./INT. CAVE - NIGHT

HULK lays her gently down inside the opening out of the rain. This wakes Betty and, disoriented she reacts in terror to the monstrous face next to hers...

SHE SCREAMS AND PUNCHES HIM reflexively...HE GROWLS surprised.

BETTY
Oh no...I'm sorry...I'm...

But he is already standing up. He can't fit under the roof so stands in the entrance.

Betty stares up at him. Then she notices...THAT HE IS WOUNDED.

HULK SHOT: over his left. Betty stands and comes toward him.

BETTY (CONT'D)
You're hurt.

And as we slide across behind the head REALITY MORPHS into HULK'S VISION...hallucinatory, distorted. BETTY fractured into two, the SOUND OF RAIN like an acid sizzle, etc...

BETTY (CONT'D)
Bruce, can you understand me? Are you hurt?

Betty's voice cuts through the bad Trip he's on and things actually settle and straighten out a bit but then...

WHITE FLASH of LIGHTNING…seen still in our HULK VIEW. Supercharged, annihilating, terrifying.

HULK'S FACE: RAGE explodes in his face and he whips around looking for the source of the assault, ROARS and the woods, grabs a MAMMOTH ROCK and as the THUNDER CRASHES, HURLS IT AT THE SKY. HE ROARS BACK AT THE THUNDER.

BETTY (CONT'D)
It's okay...we're okay.

She steps out in the rain and touches his arm and he turns, still growling... She takes his massive hand

BETTY'S POV: CLOSEUP ON HULK'S ARM - in the deep cuts we can LITERALLY SEE HULK'S BODY HEALING ITSELF

BETTY (CONT'D)
Come here... come on.

She pulls him down out of the rain and he huffs and sits down and she sits with him. She sits with him calming him.

FROM WIDE OUTSIDE THE CAVE we can see the outline of the two of them sitting together in the dark, lightning pops a flash on the image of the woman and the monster sitting together....BLACKOUT.

INT. ARMY BASE HOSPITAL WARD - SAME NIGHT

Ross is coming into the ICU with a DOCTOR

ROSS
Will he walk again?

DOCTOR
Most of the bones in his body look like crushed gravel right now. If he lives he'll be lucky if he can lift the straw to eat his liquid meals.

They come to BLONSKY's BED. He has every tube imaginable in him.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I will say this, he's got a heart like a machine. Never seen anything like it outside a race horse.

EXT. CAVE - MORNING

Bruce and Betty wake up in the cave. He tries to rise and retches. Bruce has scars all over his body where the Hulk's wounds were made.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Appalachia or maybe the Smokies. Some little nowhere town in the mountains. BETTY is coming along the ground floor units with a KEY.

Bruce emerges from behind the ice machine, wearing her coat over his nude torso and shredded pants. She helps him into the room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Banner emerging from the shower, a towel around him. Bathroom full of steam. No sign of Betty.

FOCUS ON: BANNER'S BODY -- ALL SCARS ARE GONE. Totally healed.

Tighter on Banner: He wipes steam off the mirror and...

THE HULK'S FACE SNARLS AT HIM --

A FLASH of Hulk-Memory of the GUNSHIP ROUNDS coming at him

No more than a flash but it doubles him over the sink.

Jump cut: few minutes later

The door the room opens and Betty comes in with a number of SHOPPING BAGS. She hears...

BANNER THROWING UP in the bathtub. She waits, concerned. He emerges.

BETTY
Still feeling sick?

BRUCE
No, I feel better. Getting my data back.

He holds up the little data Flash Card. It worked.

BETTY
I think I've got a good selection for you. First things first...

She tosses him a new PULSE MONITOR.

BRUCE
You're kidding me...

BETTY
Target: they've got everything. Okay, it ain't Armani but...

He puts it on as she starts showing him clothes. She holds up a large pair of STRETCHY PURPLE PANTS

BRUCE
I'm an irradiated freak, that doesn't mean I've lost my sense of style.

He changes. His hair is an unkempt mess.

BETTY
When was the last time anybody but you cut your hair, Mr. Style Council?

Timecut: Bruce in a chair with a towel around his shoulders. Betty cutting his hair. He checks suspiciously with his fingers.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I have done this before.

He drops his head forward, letting her rub his neck a little.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I don't know how you've done this alone.

BRUCE
With clippers usually...No, I didn't want you to be afraid all the time.

BETTY
It is frightening. But it was worse not knowing...

He twists around and THEY ARE KISSING and it all breaks loose. He PUSHES HER TOWARD THE BED AND ONTO IT and MOVES ON TOP OF HER

PULSE MONITOR: 89...90...91

He hears it..glances: 94...95 He slows...anguished

BRUCE
No, wait...I'm sorry...

BETTY
What...?

BRUCE
We can't...

BETTY
It's okay...I want to.

BRUCE
No... I can't. I can't get too...excited.

She understands now. They want to and know it but they can't.

BETTY
Not even a little excited?

Banner studies her face, he's imagined this moment so many times.

BRUCE
I thought I couldn't risk this...that it was better to deal with it alone. But it wasn't...this is better. I wanted so much to...it was so hard just to move from place to place...so risky. I sent you small things to try to let you know... I sent you a Canthia Tigris from Brazil. I don't know if...

BETTY
I got it.

BRUCE
I'm so sorry...so sorry...

She stops him and shakes her head and kisses him.

INT. ARMY BASE - PLANNING ROOM / INT. PENTAGON OFFICES - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Ross is at a desk off the open room of a Strategic Operations Command Center. The desks on the floor are empty. Ross is up late alone.

A WALL-MOUNTED TV is tuned to NEWS, reporting the dramatic battle. SOME FOOTAGE OF AN EXPLOSION SEEN FROM A NEWSCOPTER FAR AWAY. A TV NEWS REPORTER reporting live from the edge of the campus runs over the following dialogue.

REPORTER
Rumors continue to swirls about a violent clash between forces of the US Army and an unknown adversary on the campus of Southern Polytech earlier today... Authorities have renewed the long-cold hunt for fugitive government scientist David Bruce Banner....

BANNER'S PICTURE fills the screen.

Ross on the phone with SAM GRELLER...speaking hurriedly, overlapping each other.

ROSS
...for goddsake Sam, the National Guard can't get tents to hurricane zones in time, you're telling me I've got to liase with part-timers?

GEN. GRELLER: standing in the foyer outside the large paneled doors of a Pentagon Conference room.

GRELLER
It's domestic on paper so Guard and FBI have to be involved...

ROSS
FBI!! Did the Chiefs get a look at those tapes?! Do they think that was a video game?

GRELLER
They saw them, nobody's doubting anymore...

ROSS
What's the FBI gonna do...pull out badges? Why don't we get ATF while we're at it!

GRELLER
It's formalities, T. Use em for intel and then tell em to back off. The Chiefs are giving you total authority to run this operation. Make your list of what you need and get back to me.

Ross hangs up. Looks up at the news in time to catch:

TV NEWS: REPORTER standing with TWO COLLEGE KIDS, slackers, clearly stoned.

REPORTER
Very few outside the military got a first-hand look at their rumored adversary. Sophomores Jack McGhee and Kevin Feige were coming home from a hike and witnessed some of the battle. McGhee captured this on his cell phone

EXTREMELY GRAINY IMAGE OF HULK BATTLING SEEN FROM FAR AWAY

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Can you describe what you saw?

MCGHEE
Dude, it was like a huge and green... HUGE... I mean like the way Steve Nash looks standing next to Shaq...Shaq would look like that standing next to this...

FEIGE
Dude, it was so big. It was like this huge....Hulk

REPORTER
Further search for the mysterious 'Hulk' was delayed by powerful thunderstorms in the Smoky Mountain National forest.

ROSS breaks away as CABOT enters breathless:

CABOT
It's Blonsky.

INT. ARMY BASE HOSPITAL WARD - HALLWAY AND ICU

Cabot and Ross hustle down the hall, Ross grim faced. As they come through the ICU door

ROSS
Has anybody found out if he has next of kin or family?

CABOT
You can ask him yourself.

BLONSKY's BED: Doctors and nurses standing around the end of it part to reveal:

BLONSKY: sitting up on the end of the bed in his underwear, talking and laughing with doctors. HE IS COMPLETELY HEALED.

More than healed, HE LOOKS STRONGER THAN EVER, literally. THE SUPER-SOLDIER SERUM IS TURNING HIM INTO AN ADONIS.

Blonsky is grinning like a cat. Astounded Ross shakes his hand.

BLONSKY
Sir.

ROSS
Good to see you on your feet, Soldier. How do you feel?

BLONSKY
Pissed off and ready for Round 3.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

ON THE BED: Phone; credit card; bank card; license; $70 cash, make-up; University ID, small camera.

BANNER: all but the cash, camera goes back in the purse.

BANNER
Can't use any of it but the cash. Don't even turn the phone on, they can track it.

BETTY
My lipstick? Can they track that?

BANNER
No you can keep that.

BETTY
Not going to get where we're going on 70 bucks.

BANNER
Not quickly enough.

Betty turns and reaches for a small chain around her throat, pulls up A GOLD PENDANT. Takes it off.

BANNER (CONT'D)
No. It's the only thing of hers that you have. No.

BETTY
We'll get it back.

INT. ARMY BASE - PLANNING ROOM - DAY

Ross has a real team assembled now. Technicians, intel, law-enforcement. All of it. There are at least two dozen people in the room and Cabot is wrapping up the briefing. Ross stands to the side.

BANNER and BETTY'S PHOTOS FILLS THE SCREEN

CABOT
...Federal is already monitoring phone, plastic and Dr. Ross's web accounts, and local PD's have been put on alert... They'll pop up somewhere and when they do it comes straight to us...

ROSS
They won't just pop up. He made it five years and got across borders without making a mistake and he won't use a damn credit card now. If he was trying to escape he'd be long gone. But he's not trying to escape...he's looking for help. And that's how we're going to get him. We don't know where they're going but we know what they're after and we know he's been talking to somebody. You've all got copies of that correspondence. There are only a few hundred people in world who have what he needs. Figure out who they are, he's going to one of them.

CABOT
Under no circumstances <u>whatsoever</u> are your people to engage these subjects directly. Apprehension will be handled exclusively from this office. Call it in and we’ll tell you what to do.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Betty exiting with cash. She pawned her mother’s locket.

BETTY
We’ll get it back.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Bruce and Betty with a “FOR SALE” sign in their hands, buying something in cash from the YOUNG GUY behind the counter. The GUY is on a computer. Banner offers the guy $50.

BANNER
Mind if I send a quick email off your account?

Guy takes the money happily and Banner quickly plugs in the data card and sends a message to Mr. Blue/Sterns.

SCREEN/EMAIL: “What you requested is attached. Maybe it’s time to meet. Green.”

EXT. GAS STATION

Betty and Bruce getting into their newly purchased BATTERED OLD PICKUP TRUCK. Bruce getting in the passenger side...

BETTY
Hey...

He turns and she has her little camera out. He gives her a quizzical look.

BETTY (CONT’D)
It’s been worse than this before right?

BRUCE
Yes...much worse.

BETTY
Then we’re on the way to something better.

He smiles a sad uncertain smile and she SNAPS THE PICTURE.

INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK ON THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Betty drives. Banner stares out in to the dark, a darker mood back on him.

BETTY
Penny for your thoughts.

BANNER
How long have you known Samson?

BETTY
About a year and a half. He came to lecture on a fellowship and stayed.

BANNER
Do you trust him?

BETTY
Yes. I do. Bruce, you know that I...

BANNER
You don't have to explain anything to me. Ever. He seems like a good man and he treats you well and that makes me happy.

BETTY
He does. I never trusted him with this. Trust isn't the right word. I didn't test his faith in me by asking him to believe something I still can't believe myself.

BANNER
Who could? Sometimes I even convince myself it's not real.

BETTY
What is it like...when it happens? What do you experience?

BANNER
Remember those clinical experiments we volunteered for at Harvard? The induced hallucinations? It's like that, amplified by a thousand. It feels like someone is pouring a liter of acid into my brain. The sound is the worst.

BETTY
Do you remember anything?

BANNER
Fragments. Nothing I can derive anything from.

BETTY
But then it's still you...inside it.

BANNER
It's not me.

BETTY
In the cave, I felt that you knew...that IT knew me. Maybe your mind is in there it's just...overcharged...can't process what's happening. You know Samson works with people on 'conscious dreaming', helping them direct themselves out of their nightmares even though the conscious brain seems asleep... maybe...

BANNER
I don't want to control it. I want to get rid of it. It kills people. It almost killed you. I didn't do those things.

BETTY
Of course not...

He looks out the window in silence, tormented.

INT. ARMY BASE MEDICAL LABS - NIGHT

Blonsky sits on the table. TWO MEDICAL TECHS are prepping the syringes that we saw deliver Blonsky his first dose of Super Soldier serum. He's getting more.

Reveal ROSS: standing there. He's authorized it.

ROSS
You ready?

BLONSKY
Let's even the game a little.

DREAM IMAGE: A rough wooden door opening from the inside out, bright sunlight washing in to reveal

HIGH PEAKS of the HIMALAYAS; a rocky path leading up to us and on it a MONK in saffron and red robes.

He looks up at us and holds up a hand in greeting and SMILES.

INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK ON THE HIGHWAY - MORNING

BANNER WAKES UP: disoriented. THE RADIO is on news...

BETTY
I thought I should let you sleep.

BANNER
Where are we?

BETTY
Stuck in traffic. But getting close.

He looks around. Traffic lockup. Radio talking about traffic delays due to heightened security alert. He opens the door and stands up to look.

POV: the gates of a toll booth a long way ahead (maybe we see that it says "Holland Tunnel". He can see uniformed officers actually standing by toll gates looking at faces.

BANNER
Let's go.

BETTY
Go where?

BANNER
We've got to get out.

BETTY
Right here...I mean...now?

BANNER
Yes, right here....let's go.

WIDE AND HIGH ABOVE THE TRAFFIC JAM - LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN: the doors of the truck open and two figures slide out...pick their way through honking cars and disappear.

EXT. STREET - JERSEY CITY - INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY

Banner and Betty walk down the sidewalk and we pan and see that they are heading for the WATER'S EDGE.

EXT. DOCKS

BANNER and BETTY talking to an OLDER GUY standing by a rail with a fishing pole and bucket (Stan Lee!). They're offering him some money and he's nodding.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - DAY

Bruce and Betty in the bow of a small OUTBOARD MOTOR BOAT. The OLDER GUY throttles up and as they move out into the river we TILT UP to reveal:

NEW YORK CITY: and this is where they're heading.

EXT. STREET BY BATTERY PARK - DAY

Betty and Bruce on the sidewalk by a kiosk with a map

BETTY
Long way uptown. Subway's quickest.

BANNER
Me in a tight metal tube underground with hundreds of other people in the most aggressive city in the world?

BETTY
Right. Let's get a cab.

INT./EXT. NEW YORK CITY CAB

SCREAMING up 6th Avenue. The DRIVER is without a doubt the most terrifying cab driver in a whole city of bad cab drivers.

Slashing across two lanes, accelerating like an F-1 racer, braking and honking nearly killing a bike messenger, racing through yellow lights from much too far away. All with RADIO BLARING and on CELL PHONE talking a mile a minute.

Banner and Betty getting tossed around like dolls.

PULSE MONITOR: 97...98..99

Banner: head back eyes closed, breathing deeply.

EXT. STREET - COLUMBUS CIRCLE (OR BRYANT PARK)

SLAM! Betty and Banner have bailed on Hell Ride.

Betty hurling money in increments through the passenger window.

BETTY
...god forbid you should give a SHIT about the living, breathing PEOPLE in the back of your office on wheels with no SHOCKS...

DRIVER
What's the matter baby? You no like a good ride?

He makes a kiss noise and takes off. Betty BOOTS the rear panel as he goes

BETTY
Asshole!!

BRUCE
You know I can show you some techniques to help you manage that rage a little better...

BETTY
Zip it. We're walking.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - DAY

Banner and Betty walk up along the Park past the Natural History Museum.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - GATES AT 116TH AND BROADWAY

Banner and Betty enter the gates of COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

INT. ARMY BASE - PLANNING ROOM - SIDE OFFICE - DAY

CABOT in a glassed-in office off the OPEN ROOM full of desks and terminals.

AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER walks in with a file

OFFICER
That's from Quantico. They're getting blanked. The academic language in the published stuff could be three dozen off our list. And we haven't even got samples for three dozen more.

CABOT sighs... She nods and the OFFICER goes out. She rubs her temples and stares at her COMPUTER. Gets a 'what the fuck' look on her face and types:

SCREEN: Google Search: "Mr Blue cellular biology"

A bunch of links come up and she clicks one and gets:

A YOU TUBE VIDEO: Scientist JR STERNS holds a press conference to demonstrate a breakthrough for medical science.

STERNS
"...full cell saturation, a method of moving desired compounds into every cell in the body which will revolutionize medical therapies."

VIDEO: Sterns puts an inert blue dye into a WILD LOOKING MACHINE hooked up to a YOUNG GRADUATE STUDENT.

In front of our eyes, the student starts to TURN BLUE. PEOPLE laugh and clap at the demonstration.

STUDENT (O.S.)
What's his name?

STERNS
Who, Mr. Blue here?

CABOT: BOLTS FORWARD, EYES WIDE. Her fingers fly across the keyboard, typing in the name "JR STERNS cellular biology"

A Google link appears for Columbia University. Cabot clicks on the link and uploads a photo of Professor JR Sterns, the same man in the You Tube video.

CABOT BURSTS INTO THE DOORWAY OF HER OFFICE

CABOT
They're going to New York!!

INT/EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY SCIENCE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Professor Sterns emerges.

BETTY
Excuse me, Dr Sterns?

STERNS
Yes.

BETTY
Sorry to bother you. I'm Elizabeth Ross.

STERNS
Dr. Ross, my goodness...I read your wonderful paper on synthesizing nucleotides!! To what do I owe the...

BETTY
There's someone I'd like to introduce you to...

BANNER
Mr. Blue, I presume.

STERNS
Mr Green!

INT. STERNS' LAB - DAY - SOME TIME LATER

The lab has a bit of the 'Mad Scientist' clutter to it. Sterns speaks very quickly.

STERNS
...it took some work, let me tell you, we've never tried to concentrate the trimethodine a tenth of what your peak exposure correlates with. That you survived an event like that to stand here and discuss this....it has something to do with Dr. Ross's protein primer capacitating the cells of course, but it's beyond my reckoning...we could study it for years.

BETTY
But you think you've got the concentration right?

STERNS
Well yes...on paper anyway. And my cell saturation will make sure we don't miss any spots...but...even if we hit the levels right, I can't promise this will cure you. It might only be an antidote to suppress the specific flare up.
When you have one of these 'spikes' ... is the experience extreme?

BANNER
You might say that.

STERNS
Well I can't wait to see it! You know I must say...I wondered if you were real. And if you were I wondered what it would look like...a person with that much power lurking in him. Nothing could have surprised me more than this unassuming young man shaking my hand!
(hesitates)
I'd be remiss however if I didn't point out that these concentrations carry extraordinary levels of toxicity. If we're over by even a small integer, the residual could kill you. <u>Will</u> kill you.

BANNER
There's a flip side to that ... if we miss on the low side...if we induce me and it fails...it will be very dangerous for <u>you</u>.

STERNS
I've always been more curious than cautious. It's served me well so far but if that's what kills this cat in the end...well at least I'll have peeked around a few corners.
(smiles)
(MORE)

STERNS (CONT'D)
So then we're all agreed?
(they nod)
Into the Glorious Unknown!

EXT. MILITARY BASE - EVENING

Ross' forces mobilize. A Sikorsky winding up its jets.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blonsky stands alone, staring at himself in the mirror, studying his own face. Something is changing in him. HIS SHOULDERS AND NECK SEEM TO HAVE GROWN MASSIVE LITERALLY OVERNIGHT.

As he studies his body and face, we pull round to his reflection, back over his shoulder, further back revealing his naked back and we can see something that even he can't...

...SOMETHING VERY STRANGE IS HAPPENING TO THE BONES IN HIS SPINE. They have become too big, almost simian, protruding from between his enlarged back muscles in a disturbing way.

EXT/INT. SIKORSKY - EVENING

Blonsky loads in with OTHER SPECIAL FORCES SOLDIERS. There are THREE TWO MAN SNIPER TEAMS WITH SPECIAL THERMAL SCOPES AND RIFLES AGAINST ONE WALL.

BLONSKY sits against the wall next to a familiar face, a SOLDIER who was in the campus fight with him.

SOLDIER
How you feeling, man?

BLONSKY
Like a monster.

Blonsky grunts aggressively and flexes his arm. HIS ARM MUSCLE ACTUALLY TEARS HIS SLEEVE A LITTLE. The other soldier shoots a look around.

Cabot and Ross come back to the rear to brief the team. She has copies of BLUEPRINTS OF THE LAYOUT OF STERNS BUILDING AND SURROUNDING BUILDINGS

BLONSKY (CONT'D)
Back on the Hulk Hunt, Major...

CABOT
<u>Banner</u> is the target. Snipers have the point. Delta in backup. If we make it before they move we'll have two tries. If we can't take him inside, we'll try for a shot as he exits.
(MORE)

CABOT (CONT'D)
If we can't hit him unaware before he makes the street then plainclothes will try to follow and we stand down. Under no circumstance is Banner to be engaged directly. If we can't get a shot we fall back and let him go.

BLONSKY
And if he goes nuclear?

ROSS
Then we'll have failed to learn from our mistakes, won't we? You've got the compact sonics. Try to at least move him out of the city center toward the river. Then disengage. We'll follow from the air but not fight. Any questions?

BLONSKY
Not much of a rematch.

CABOT
1.5 Million people within a five mile radius. You want to fight that thing here?

Cabot steps to the front of the cabin, sits near Ross.

CABOT (CONT'D)
You sure about your boy?

ROSS
I need a dog in the hunt that's not going to run from a bear if it shows up. If we do this right, I'll never have to let him off the leash.

INT. STERNS' LAB - EVENING

Sterns and Betty make the preparations to 'treat' Banner. There is a table that looks disturbingly like a set-up for a lethal injection. A little bit of a Frankenstein vibe too.

Banner strips to his lycra shorts and gives his clothes to Betty.

BANNER
Think of all the money I'll save on wardrobe if this works. If this starts to go bad, promise me you won't stay and try to help me.

BETTY
Bruce...

BANNER
It’s the worst when it starts. You have to promise me you’ll run or I can’t do this.

Betty nods. Sterns indicates the nylon medical restraints.

STERNS
If you have a strong reaction these will keep you from hurting yourself.

BANNER
If I have a strong reaction you’re not going to need to worry about me.

Banner climbs on the table. Sterns tilts it back so that Banner is still at a slight angle and begins to strap him in.

Sterns puts an I.V. in each of Banner’s arms and legs linked to the CELL SATURATION MACHINE which he primes. A canister with the antidote and some sort of futuristic spinner or plunger to send it through his body. Then he puts contact pads connected to electrical wires on Banner’s temples. And finally a plastic bite suppressor for Banner’s mouth. Banner shakes it off.

STERNS
Ready?

STERNS JOLTS BANNER WITH ELECTRICITY. A lot of it. It hits him and HIS WHOLE BODY SPASMS, every muscle in his body straining against the straps, eyes clenched and then -

CLOSE ON BANNER’S EYES: snapping open, GREEN LIGHT glowing.

A PULSE OF GREEN in the base of his skull sends green Gamma energy shooting through his body, HIS SKIN FLOODS WITH COLOR FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, SPREADING FROM THE BASE OF HIS SKULL AS THE GAMMA ENERGY SHOOTS OUT OF HIS BRAIN.

STERNS (CONT'D)
My God...!

BETTY
There’s more. Wait for it!

Now we see the full agony of it as Banner’s body starts to swell and stretch and harden. We should feel the trauma of it on his bones and muscles. Sterns is staggered. Betty watches the man she loves be tortured in front of her, he howls in agony. Sterns steps closer...too close.

The restraints pop like rubber bands, one of them striking Sterns who gets knocked back and dazed...The Hulk is appearing on the table, still in spasms.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Now! Do it!

The table starts to buckle under the weight as THE HULK continues to grow. Hulk is going to lift his head up and get seriously angry any second... but then

BETTY LITERALLY JUMPS ONTO THE TABLE OVER HIM, leaning on that massive torso, looking for his eyes.

BETTY (CONT'D)
BRUCE, STAY WITH ME!

Banner/Hulk howls.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Do it NOW!!!!

Sterns hits the button and THE ANTIDOTE starts to flow into him.

And slowly, painfully, THE PROCESS STARTS TO REVERSE. You can almost see the fluid moving through those massive veins and finding its way into every corner and calm the radiation fire in his blood. AND HE SHRINKS...

Finally, Banner is back, lying on the buckled table with Betty kneeling over him. She strokes his forehead. He's drenched in sweat, wrung out like a marathoner.

BETTY (CONT'D)
It's alright. You're alright. It's over.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK NORTH LAWN - NIGHT

Helicopters landing. Snipers and Blonsky's team hit the ground running. CABOT AND ROSS moving with MOBILE COMMUNICATIONS team right behind. All heading into waiting UNMARKED VANS on 110th ST.

INT. STERNS' LAB - NIGHT

They're debriefing. Sterns talks a mile a minute.

STERNS
...the pulse came from the amygdala. I think Dr. Ross' 'primer' lets the cells absorb the energy temporarily and then it abates. That's why you didn't die of radiation sickness years ago. Now maybe we've neutralized those cells permanently or maybe we just suppressed that event.
(MORE)

STERNS (CONT'D)
I'm inclined to think the latter because none of our test subjects had a decline in absorption capacity, but of course they were getting Gamma in MUCH lower doses externally each time... But You! It's like you've got a turbo booster in your brain. It's one of the most wonderful things I've ever seen!

BETTY
It's not wonderful for Bruce.

STERNS
In a medical science sense, of course. You're miraculous.

BETTY
So how did you know it would work?

STERNS
I didn't. But now that we have the data on Bruce's initial -

BANNER
Wait. You said 'test subjects'. What test subjects?

Sterns gestures and they follow him to a door.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Sniper teams take roof positions around Sterns lab building. Each team with one shooter and one spotter with a THERMAL SCANNER.

SCANNERS springing on line. A THERMAL IMAGE of Betty, Banner and Sterns moving from one part of the lab into another.

CABOT (OVER RADIO)
Target is the tallest, in the middle.

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY SCIENCE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Night. No civilians. AN NYPD SWAT OFFICER is hustling a SECURITY GUARD OUT OF THE LOBBY. Blonsky and his team move into positions in LOBBY. BLONSKY near the stairwell.

INT. STERNS' LAB / INT. LOBBY / INT. COMMAND POST IN ANOTHER BUILDING LOBBY / EXT. ROOFTOP - <u>INTERCUTTING</u>

<u>STERNS' LAB - THE OTHER ROOM</u>: MUTATED ANIMALS: Rats, rheesus monkeys - some normal, others slightly Hulked-out versions of themselves...none Green, they are more grey.

BANNER
Oh my god... what have you been doing?

STERNS
Well you didn't send me much of yourself to work with and I couldn't risk blowing the opportunity so we concentrated it and grew more. The same thing you were trying to do with the corablanca! You were my flower, see?

Banner is looking around in horror: his worst nightmare is coming true before his eyes. He has been replicated.

STERNS (CONT'D)
A lot of the first pass didn't survive of course but as you can see we're doing much better. And we're only giving them very low-dose Gamma so no power-lifters yet but the interesting thing...

BANNER
You've got to destroy all of it.

STERNS
Sorry, what...

BANNER
All of it. Right now. Show me your supply.

STERNS
You must be joking. We'll share a Nobel for this, the three of us! Think of the applications.

BANNER
It doesn't matter if it can't be controlled...You don't know the power of what we're dealing with here!

STERNS
But we've got the antidote now!

THERMAL IMAGE: of the three as seen by snipers. Banner moves into a window zone, but Betty blocks a clean shot.

<u>CABOT</u>: sits in front of a panel of video monitors, observing the soldier camera feeds. Ross stands behind her.

CABOT
At your discretion shooter.

<u>SNIPER</u>: eye to his scope...

SHOOTER
Almost...

BLONSKY and TEAM: silent, firearms at the ready, waiting for something, anything.

SHOOTER (OVER RADIO) (CONT'D)
No shot.

Blonsky loses patience and he bolts into the stairs.

COMMAND POST: On MONITOR: Blonsky's dot on the move.

SOLDIER (OVER RADIO)
Blonsky's going in...he's going in!

ROSS
Blonsky! Stand down!

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Blonsky takes entire flights in a jump easily. He goes up eight stories in seconds.

CABOT (OVER RADIO)
Shooter, be advised...

SHOOTER (OVER RADIO)
Almost...

INT. STERNS' LAB - CONTINUOUS

BANNER
They don't want the antidote! They want a weapon. They want it to fight for them and if they get it then we lose control of it!

STERNS
Oh look I hate the government too but you're being a little paranoid don't you th---?

CRUNCH! The sound of something fast going through glass.

STERNS' POV: Banner has a funny look on his face. He turns to reveal...

A TRANQ DART IN THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

Sterns screams, backs away from the window. Banner's eyes widen.

SHOOTER (OVER RADIO)
Target is hit...Dart onboard.

PULSE MONITOR: surging through 120...122...125...

BANNER
Get out now.

His knees start to buckle and Betty rushes over and catches him.

PULSE MONITOR: 119...117...115...

BLONSKY: EXPLODES THROUGH THE DOOR, rifle raised.

BETTY: jumps up in front of BANNER

Blonsky SHOVES HER...too hard, his strength abnormal...and she is knocked five feet before hitting the ground on her arm, crying out in pain.

BANNER'S EYES: LIVID...but Hazy, struggling to focus.

Blonsky looks at him, his eyes boring into Banner's...

BLONSKY
Come on! COME ON!! WHERE IS IT?!

OTHER SOLDIERS burst through the lab door.

SOLDIER
BLONSKY!!!

BLONSKY CRACKS BANNER IN THE HEAD with his GUN BUTT

BLACK

EXT. 120TH ST. - NIGHT

Street running along north end of Columbia campus, behind Sterns' building. Street closed off by police vehicles.

A VAN: with it's back doors open toward the sidewalk

A STRETCHER: being moved toward the van... On it

BANNER: in enormous, possibly slightly futuristic wrist shackles with electro-magnetic locks, being loaded into the back of the van. He is awake, amazingly, but groggy.

Betty: walking with him, talking to him, her wrist in a splint.

TWO SOLDIERS: walk with them standing guard.

On CABOT and ROSS:

CABOT
Never seen anyone come round from a tranq dose like that. Why the hell aren't we keeping him under?

ROSS
You want to be the one to stick a needle in his arm that he doesn't want? She's our best insurance. Keep her right next to him...He knows if he pops off it's her that gets hurt.

CABOT
What do you want to do with Sterns?

ROSS
I want him pinned in that lab with you. Don't let him leave the room to piss until he's identified every bottle, every box, every machine in the place. Then package it up and get it back home. Then get aiding and abetting charges and get him turned over to us. If Banner won't give us answers maybe we can get him to.

CABOT nods and heads into the building.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK NORTH LAWN - NIGHT

BANNER: getting walked in shackles up the rear ramp of the Sikorsky under Ross's gaze.

Betty, following, ROSS PUTS A HAND ON HER ARM AND STOPS HER.

ROSS
Betty...

BETTY
I will never forgive what you have done to him. And to me.

ROSS
He is a fugitive. He made choices and I have a responsibility...

BETTY
You made him a fugitive! To cover your failures and save your career. He told me what you said to him after the accident, before I woke up...what you proposed. That's why he ran and gave up...

ROSS
His work...his blood...is the property of the United States Army and my Duty supersedes my personal feelings in this matter.

BETTY
Truth Justice and the American Way...

ROSS
Something like that.

BETTY
You have to start with Truth or the rest of it doesn't work. Don't speak to me as your daughter. Not ever again.

She moves up the ramp...

ROSS
It's only because you're my daughter that you're not in handcuffs too.

INT. STERNS' LAB - NIGHT

An ARMY RANGER SENTRY outside the doors.

CABOT QUESTIONING STERNS who sits in a chair.

CABOT
...then it's not the same.

STERNS
Not exactly no, but it could be better. What happened to him was a freak accident. We've sorted out some of the pieces but I don't think I could put together the same Humpty Dumpty just yet if you follow me...

CABOT
I don't want to know if you can make another one I want to know if Banner's the only serious threat at the....

THUNK. CABOT JERKS A LITTLE, EYES ROLL BACK, AND SHE SLUMPS.

BLONSKY STANDS BEHIND HER IN SHADOW, HE HIT HER IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH THE BUTT OF HIS KNIFE.

STERNS
Jeez, what is it with you hitting people all the ti---?

CLICK! BLONSKY'S PISTOL IS OUT AND COCKED IN STERNS' FACE.

STERNS (CONT'D)
What could I have possibly done to deserve this?

BLONSKY
It's not what you've done. It's what you're going to do.

STERNS
Well I like your use of future tense in that sentence anyway.

BLONSKY
I want what you got out of Banner.

STERNS
You've got it! Before you knocked the Major out I told her I'll help in any way as long as I can...

BLONSKY
I want it in me.

STERNS
You look like you've got a little something extra in you already, don't you.

BLONSKY
I want more. You saw what he becomes?

STERNS
I did. It's beautiful...God-like. But I can't make you like that... I don't know what's in you...the mix could be something terrible.

BLONSKY BENDS AND GRABS STERNS BY THE FRONT OF HIS JACKET WITH ONE HAND, LIFTING HIM EASILY, PLACING THE GUN UNDER HIS CHIN.

STERNS (CONT'D)
I'm not unwilling I just need 'informed consent'...and you've given it!

EXT. NIGHT SKY OVER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The Sikorsky cuts through the air over the Hudson River.

INT. SIKORSKY - CONTINUOUS

Bruce and Betty sit across from each other toward the rear. ARMED SOLDIERS flanking them. ROSS up toward the front with COMMUNICATIONS OFFICERS and a BANK OF MONITORS.

Bruce and Betty stare at each other. She takes his hand, holds it.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY SCIENCE BUILDING - NIGHT

Low, looking up at the building. A few of BLONSKY'S DELTA TEAM and a couple NYPD keep the area on lockdown.

SOLDIER 2
...ten feet and green...You're getting your news off Inside Edition. "The Hulk"... gimme a break...

SOLDIER
...telling you, whatever went down it shook Tommy up...he said be heads up on this one.

SOLDIER 2
Only action we're gonna see is those blue-shirts bringing each other coffee...

BOOM!!! AN EXPLOSION RIPS OUT THE WINDOWS OF THE TOP CORNER OF THE BUILDING FROM STERNS' LAB, FLAME AND STONE RAINING DOWN.

SOLDIERS AND COPS HIT THE DECK.

INT. SIKORSKY - NIGHT

The RADIO crackles:

SOLDIER (OVER RADIO)
Delta 4 to Leader, something big just went off down here!

ROSS
This is Ross. What went off?

SOLDIER (OVER RADIO)
The whole floor just blew out Blonsky, Stoller, Robertson and the Major...they were all still up there!!

ROSS
Get our teams moving back there and get PD Special Units out... Turn us around...

THE HELICOPTER BANKS SHARPLY

IN BACK: Banner and Betty can't tell what's going on, but they can tell something has happened.

BANNER
We're going back...

EXT. NIGHT SKY OVER MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

The Sikorsky banks hard and turns back into the eye of the storm.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY SCIENCE BULDING - NIGHT

THE SOLDIERS AND COPS have taken positions covering the lobby of the building

SOLDIER 2
I'm going up...

He rises to dash to the lobby when

CRASH!! The <u>sound</u> of something huge crashing into a car out on 120th St, out of sight. And then they hear:

AN UNBELIEVABLE ROAR OF RAGE. They're eyes on the narrow space between the Lab Building and the one to its left...out toward the street where

IN THE SPACE BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS, AN ENORMOUS, HULKING GRAY FORM SURGES PAST. AT LEAST 14 FEET TALL.

Soldiers and cops look at each other..."What the..?" THEY DASH FOR THE STREET, and turn to the left in time to see

THE MASSIVE GREY BACK OF THE THING DISAPPEARING TO THE RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER, UP BROADWAY.

COP 1
What in God's name was that?

Soldier 1 keys mic

SOLDIER 1
The Hulk's in the street!

INT. SIKORSKY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SOLDIER 1
Repeat: THE HULK IS IN THE STREET! Where the hell are we? 120TH AND BROADWAY, HEADING UP BROADWAY!!

ROSS
Hold it together, soldier! Have any of you got a live feed?

SOLDIER 1 (OVER RADIO)
Yeah...

ROSS
Then stay with it and get me a visual, we've got help on the way. Now get moving!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

SOLDIER 1 activates his mini helmet battle camera

SOLDIER 1
C'mon!!

ALL FOUR RUN TOWARD A PARKED OPEN-TOP HUMVEE

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)
Can you drive this thing?

COP 1
Marines, 8 years. Let's go.

The TWO SOLDIERS AND TWO COPS jump in and fire up. THEY PEEL OUT TO THE RIGHT AND MAKE A QUICK LEFT UP AMSTERDAM.

INT. STERNS' LAB - CONTINUOUS

FLAMES FLICKERING, SMOKE. A CANISTER FROM THE SATURATION MACHINE, FULL OF BLOOD, DRIPPING DOWN ONTO...

STERNS ON THE FLOOR: EYES WIDE OPEN, AN EXPRESSION OF HORROR AND AMAZEMENT ON HIS FACE, curiosity seems to have finally killed him. Blood from the machine above drips on his face.

TIGHT ON: A RADIO CRACKLING: We can hear the SOLDIERS calling out positions: "121st st moving north...what is that thing?"

REVEAL CABOT: knocked unconscious or dead?

EXT. AMSTERDAM AVE / INT. SIKORSKY - INTERCUT

THE HUMVEE: BLASTS up the street, hugging the left side, TWO COPS in the front, TWO SOLDIERS standing up in the back with assault rifles. SOLDIER 1 on the left keeping his view trained down the cross streets whipping by...

POV: GLIMPSES OF THE CREATURE'S REAR FLANK AS IT MOVES UP THE PARALLEL STREET. SMASHING CARS AND HURLING PEOPLE AS IT GOES.

MONITORS: Ross seeing the same, it looks like Hulk but it's not a good enough look at it.

ROSS
Goddam it I said get me eyes on that thing!

BANNER moves toward Ross... the SOLDIER STOPS HIM

SOLDIER
Sit down!

BANNER
Shoot me...let's see what happens.

BANNER SHOVES PAST HIM AND UP NEXT TO ROSS AT THE MONITORS, BETTY FOLLOWS.

<u>THE HUMVEE</u>: reaches 125th St. The heart of Harlem. RIPPING THE WHEEL TO THE LEFT, SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. THEIR JAWS DROP...

Still from a distance, A MASSIVE GREY CREATURE IS CAUSING HAVOC. Pedestrians flee in panic, cars skidding and trying to turn around.

STREET COPS fire on the CREATURE -- IT RIPS A LIGHTPOLE OFF THE CORNER AND SWATS THEM ASIDE LIKE MOSQUITOS

ROSS, BANNER AND BETTY: Agape at this horror

SOLDIER 1 (OVER RADIO)
Sir are you seeing this? What the hell is that? Is that Banner?

ROSS
No. Is it Sterns?

INT. STERNS' LAB - CONTINUOUS

A HAND GRABS A RADIO... CABOT

CABOT
General, it's Blonsky. Sterns is dead... It's Blonsky.

EXT. 125TH STREET - NIGHT

TIGHTER ON THE CREATURE, first good look at it from the front.

14 FEET TALL, GRAY, AS HEAVILY MUSCLED AS HULK BUT WITH STRANGE BONES PROTRUDING LIKE SPURS AT ITS ANKLES AND WRISTS

A HORRIBLE SNARLING FACE, AND IN IT WE CAN SEE THAT INDEED THIS IS <u>BLONSKY</u>. HE HAS BECOME: AN ABOMINATION

INT. SIKORSKY

BANNER: staring at the monitor. His worst fear come to life.

ROSS
Hit it with whatever you've got, try to draw it after you and get it to the river. We've got cutters on both sides of the island with sonic!

EXT. 125TH STREET

ABOMINATION IS HAVING A FIELD DAY, REVELLING IN DESTRUCTION.

SOLDIER 1 drops to the floor, prying open a large compartment.

SOLDIER 2
What are you doing?

SOLDIER 1
You think a rifle's gonna hurt that? Blonsky told me he put in some ordinance...

HE COMES UP WITH A ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADE LAUNCHER.

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)
That's what I'm talking about, G!

He spins, flips the sight up, flips off the safety and throws it on his shoulder

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)
Now say 'good night, Gracie'...

FIRES. THE ABOMINATION TURNS AS THE RPG STREAKS DOWN THE STREET, TRAILING SMOKE, STRAIGHT AT THE MONSTER'S HEAD...

SNATCH! LIKE A CAT THE ABOMINATION GRABS THE MISSILE STRAIGHT OUT OF THE AIR...LOOKS STRAIGHT AT THEM...AND SMASHES IT AGAINST HIS OWN FOREHEAD WHERE IT EXPLODES

ABOMINATION LEERS AT THEM. HE'S ENJOYING THIS.

SOLDIER 2
Time to go!

The cop at the wheel hits reverse and floors it, COP in front, and BOTH SOLDIERS whip up their weapons and POUR FIRE IN ON

ABOMINATION, CHARGING STRAIGHT AT THEM, TAKING BULLETS LIKE HE'S RUNNING THROUGH A LIGHT RAIN. HE CLOSES ON THEM, RAISING A MASSIVE ARM...

AT THE SAME MOMENT THE HUMVEE SLAMS INTO A CAR COMING UP AMSTERDAM ACROSS THE INTERSECTION AND THE ABOMINATION SEIZES IT BY THE HOOD, HEAVES IT UP ,TWISTS IT SIDEWAYS AND SMASHES IT TO THE GROUND, OVER AND OVER...METAL, HELMETS, BODIES FLYING.

INT. TAXI CAB - COMING UP AMSTERDAM - CONTINUOUS

The same TERRIBLE CAB DRIVER that terrorized Bruce and Betty, speeding up the avenue, he can see the light ahead is green but traffic is slowed up ahead. Light goes yellow...

DRIVER
This is bullshit, people!!

He FLOORS IT, cuts to the side and races through the light turning red straight into...

ABOMINATION -- WHO SIMPLY TURNS, HAMMERS HIS FOOT DOWN INTO THE HOOD OF THE CHARGING CAB, JACKING IT STRAIGHT UP INTO THE AIR, WHERE HE GRABS IT BY THE UNDERCARRIAGE AND SMASHES IT INTO THE MANGLED HUMVEE LIKE TWO PIECES OF BREAD BEING SMACKED TOGETHER.

HE ROARS, EXULTING IN HIS INVINCIBILITY, SCATTERING TERRIFIED PEOPLE FROM THEIR CARS WHICH THEY ABANDON.

INT. SIKORSKY

MONITOR: FUZZED OUT.

BANNER, ROSS and BETTY: silent.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
General, NYPD wants to know what to use against it, SAC has that A-10 in the air and ready... What do you want me to tell them? .... Sir?

ROSS IS FROZEN: there is no way to fight this monster

BETTY
The sound waves stopped it at the campus...they stopped Bruce...

ROSS
They need an open field of fire, there's too much down there to absorb them...too many places to hide...

BANNER
You can't stop it, you have to kill it.

ROSS
And what do you propose, a bomb? How big should it be, you tell me!

BANNER
You have to take me back there.

BETTY
No...

BANNER
It's the only thing that can stop it. I'm the only thing that can stop it.

ROSS
Forget it, if I put you down there you won't fight, you'll run.

BANNER
We made that thing, you and I!! We've got to try something! I think you were right, it's still me. I heard you on the table calling to me and I held on...

BETTY
You think you can control it?

BANNER
No but maybe I can aim it.

ROSS
What if you just double my problem?

BANNER
Have you got a better idea?

ROSS
Put us near it. Get those cuffs off him.

BANNER
No... Open the door. Do it!

Ross nods and the soldier hits the button and the huge REAR RAMP of the helicopter starts to hinge open, COOL NIGHT AIR RUSHES IN.

Bruce moves toward the back, still in his wrist shackles.

BANNER (CONT'D)
Put me over it! Go higher!

They surge upward...climbing, the city dropping away.

Bruce looks out the open door of the Chinook, the city 3000 feet below.

BETTY
Oh my god, no...what are you doing?! You don't even know if you'll turn!

BANNER
I tried to do this a long time ago, when I thought I'd killed you. It wouldn't let me.

BETTY
This is too risky, it’s insane!

BANNER
I know, but I have to try. I’m sorry.

He takes a deep breath, kisses her AND FALLS OUT THE DOOR.

EXT. NIGHT SKY OVER 125TH ST AND BROADWAY

TIGHT ON BANNER: as he falls, eyes squeezed tight, waiting...

EYES SNAP OPEN: Nothing. His face “Uh oh.”

And he falls away from us, becoming smaller and smaller, plunging toward the street until we can barely see him and then...far below... A small FLASH OF GREEN.

EXT. BROADWAY AND 125TH ST - CONTINUOUS

Looking up, something PLUNGES DOWN out of the dark, SPEEDING DOWN THROUGH THE FRAME...there might have been a greenish glow as it...

CRASHES THROUGH THE STREET, leaving a very deep, rough hole.

LOOKING PAST THE HOLE, DOWN THE STREET: the figure of the ABOMINATION wreaking havoc...CIVILIANS FLEEING...running towards us.

REVERSE ON the hole as A MIGHTY GREEN HAND AND ARM RISE UP, crushing the stone of the street to create a grip, muscles flexing, hauling up a great weight...

TERRIFIED PEOPLE running from the Abomination, looking over their shoulders, coming straight at us. One looks forward to see where he’s going and STOPS IN HORROR at the sight of

THE HULK, pulling himself out of the hole. On his hands and knees, Hulk looks up at the terrified guy and ROARS.

HULK POV SHOT: Over Hulk’s left shoulder we can see the guy screaming even harder now, police lights flashing, people running. A Police Chopper with it’s spotlight trained down on Abomination in the distance...

...and as we SLIDE RIGHT PAST HULK’S MASSIVE HEAD... IT ALL TURNS INTO HIS HALLUCINATORY MADNESS:

CAMERA CONTINUES TO ROLL AROUND HULK’S HEAD as we see all this, landing back on his face where we see and really understand by now the AGONY FOR BANNER OF BEING INSIDE HULK’S BRAIN...

...but something new happens. HULK GRIMACES AT THE CHAOS OF IT ALL, CLOSES HIS EYES AND STRAINS AND ROARS, SHAKING HIS HEAD AS IF TO CLEAR IT...LOOKS UP...

...AND THINGS ARE MORE FOCUSED...THE SOUND CLARIFIES A LITTLE. Not perfect...but better...and most importantly, he can see his target: ABOMINATION.

Among the last of the fleeing people emptying the street, A HARLEM LOUDMOUTH, hustling and protesting at the same time

LOUDMOUTH
...tired of this shit! Show me some motherfuckin' fifteen foot monster buggin' out in the WHITE man's neighborhood, somebody'd be...

He turns and sees HULK...stops cold...Looks back at Abomination...

LOUDMOUTH (CONT'D)
Oh, I see...it's a family thing. I'm gonna let you all work this out.

He scoots.

HULK STARES AT ABOMINATION'S BACK, STANDS TALL AND FLEXES AND ROARS...and it SHAKES THE STREET.

ABOMINATION TURNS...SEES HIM. EYES FLARE...RECOGNITION.

INT. SIKORSKY - NIGHT

Ross and Betty looking down on the lanes of 125th St.

POV: the two TITANS START TO RUN AT EACH OTHER

EXT. 125TH STREET - NIGHT

HULK and ABOMINATION ACCELERATING TOWARD EACH OTHER.

AND THEY COLLIDE, LIKE TWO ELEPHANTS BEING SHOT TOGETHER

THE COLLISION EMITS A SOUND LIKE A THUNDERCLAP AND THE SHEER FORCE OF IT BLOWS OUT THE GLASS AND LIGHTS OF THE MARQUEE ON THE APOLLO THEATER AND SURROUNDING STOREFRONTS.

EXT. HARLEM STREETS - NIGHT

MANO A MANO: the TITANS brawl through the street, BEATING EACH OTHER SAVAGELY. ABOMINATION'S BONE PROTRUSIONS SLASH HULK'S SKIN. HULK'S THUNDEROUS PUNCHES RATTLE OFF ABOMINATION STAGGERING HIM BUT ALSO SHREDDING THE FLESH ON HULK'S KNUCKLES.

ABOMINATION HAS HIM FROM BEHIND, A CHOKE HOLD. HULK DROPS A KNEE AND LEVERS THE OPPOSITE SHOULDER, HEAVING ABOMINATION THROUGH THE FRONT OF A CIRCUIT CITY SUPERSTORE...

INT. SUPERSTORE

ABOMINATION crashes headfirst through the glass doors and his head goes straight into the stairs of an escalator, his shoulders splitting the hand rails apart as TERRIFIED NIGHTTIME SHOPPERS DIVE AWAY.

ABOMINATION pulls his head out of the NOW BROKEN ESCALATOR STAIR BELT AND SEIZES IT BY A BROKEN END

EXT. STREET

ABOMINATION emerges from the store with THE SERRATED STEEL ESCALATOR STAIR AS A FEARSOME <u>WHIP</u>

HE SLINGS IT AT HULK, SLICING LIGHTPOLES OFF AS IT ROLLS OUT AND SLASHES HULK ACROSS HIS UPRAISED ARMS AND SHOULDERS.

EXT. SIKORSKY - NIGHT

THE GUNSHIP ARCING LOW OVER HARLEM

INT. SIKORSKY

Ross and Betty watch from above, as the Pilot tries to stay with the fight

POV: the silver whip arcing back through the air

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

WHIPPING AT HIM A SECOND TIME BUT HULK IS UNDER IT NOW, CATCHING IT AS IT HISSES OVER, SPINNING HIS WEIGHT AGAINST IT AND FLINGING ABOMINATION INTO A BRICK WALL, ONLY TO HAVE ABOMINATION SNAP IT FROM UP TO DOWN SO THAT A NASTY WAVE ROLLS THROUGH IT CRACKING THE END UP AND INTO HULK'S FACE, KNOCKING HIM ON HIS BACK. AND ABOMINATION IS ON HIM AND BEATING HIM WITH HORRIBLE BLOWS...

CRABBING UP, HULK GETS HIS FEET UP UNDER HIM, ROLLS BACKWARD AND <u>FLIPS</u> ABOMINATION UNDER HIM NOW, IMMEDIATELY RETURNING HORRIBLE BLOWS INTO ABOMINATIONS RIBS THAT MAKE HIM HOWL IN PAIN. BUT NOW IT'S ABOMINATION'S TURN TO GET HIS FEET INTO HULK'S TORSO AND HURL HULK WITH THE FULL FORCE OF HIS LEGS A FULL BLOCK IN THE AIR AND INTO THE 4TH FLOOR OF A 16 STORY APARTMENT BUILDING. HE ROLLS OVER AND CHARGES THE BUILDING

IN THE WINDOWS WE CAN LITERALLY SEE HULK FALLING DOWN THROUGH THE CEILINGS OF TERRIFIED DWELLERS UNTIL HE HITS THE GROUND FLOOR AGAIN

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

ABOMINATION BURSTS INTO A GROUND FLOOR APT, LOOKING FOR HULK

SEES HIM THROUGH THE SMALL DOORWAYS AND BARRELS IN. AS HULK RISES, HE PUNCHES HIM WITH AN UPPERCUT THAT SENDS HIM BACK UP TWO FLOORS.

ABOMINATION HAULS HIMSELF UP IN PURSUIT, LOOKS LEFT TO GET KICKED IN THE FACE, BLOWING HIM LATERALLY THROUGH THE WALL, PAST A FAMILY WATCHING TV AND INTO THE NEXT APARTMENT AND OUT THE FAR WALL OF THE BUILDING. <u>THE BONES IN HIS ANKLES GRAB LIKE HOOKS AND PREVENT HIM FROM FALLING</u> AND HE DOES A SIT UP, SEES HULK CHARGING HIM, GRABS THE OUTER WALL AND CLIMBS OUT OF THE WAY <u>USING HIS HANDS TO PULVERIZE HAND-HOLDS IN THE BRICK WALL</u> .

HULK LOOKS OUT AND UP AND SCRAMBLES AFTER HIM, CRUSHING HIS OWN HAND-HOLDS AND CLIMBING

INT. SIKORSKY

Looking down, they spot the monsters climbing onto the roof

They bank and circle

ROSS
They're a block north of the university again...can we get a local chopper with a spot on it, maybe we can give him some help.

EXT. 121ST STREET

CABOT, battered and shaken limps out onto the sidewalk the HUMVEE departed and looks up at

THE SIKORSKY, arcing overhead, above a tall apartment building.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - CONTINUOUS

A forest of water towers, huge industrial AC units.

HULK emerges over the lip of the roof, landing with a THUD

QUIET. No sign of Abomination. METAL GROANING. A WATER TOWER SHAKES ON ITS IRON LEGS.

Behind Hulk as he steps right to look around the stairwell... nothing.

Back left...ABOMINATION. STANDING WITH A 20 FOOT IRON GIRDER IN HIS HANDS LIKE A BASEBALL BAT.

SLIDING FROM HULK'S LEFT SHOULDER PAST HIS HEAD: HULK'S DISTORTION VIEW: ABOMINATION SWINGS THE LETHAL CLUB

TOO FAST. IT CONNECTS -- A HORRIBLE SOUND. LIKE AN ALUMINUM BAT

AND IT CREAMS HULK BACK THROUGH THE AIR FULLY OVER THE ROOF OF THE NEXT TWO BUILDINGS AND DOWN, DISAPPEARING WITH MUFFLED CRASH SOMEWHERE 16 STORIES DOWN AND TWO BLOCKS AWAY.

INT. SIKORSKY

Betty gasps... ROSS acts

ROSS
Fire! Give him all of it!

And with that the DOOR CANNON JUST BEHIND THE COCKPIT OPENS UP

STREAMS OF HIGH CALIBER FIRE STREAKING OUT THROUGH THE DARK

EXT. ROOFTOP

ROUNDS POUND INTO ABOMINATION, SOME GLANCING OFF THE PLATELIKE BONES, OTHERS <u>RIPPING THROUGH HIS FLESH</u> PURPLISH BLOOD RISING IN THE WOUNDS

HE TURNS, ENRAGED BY THIS NEW ATTACK AND <u>HURLS</u> HIS IRON GIRDER LIKE A JAVELIN

IT ROCKETS AT THE HELICOPTER, MISSING BY A HAIR AND DISAPPEARING OUT INTO THE DARK SKY

EXT. 5TH AVENUE - NEAR THE NORTH END OF CENTRAL PARK

An UPPER EAST SIDE MOM with her YOUNG SON and their DOG, walking north, when

A 20 FOOT IRON GIRDER PLUNGES OUT OF THE SKY, CHOPPING ONE OF THOSE RIDICULOUS HUMMER LIMOS IN HALF AND BOUNCING DOWN THE STREET

MOM
And that is why I tell you, "never go above 96th Street!"

She turns them around.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

HULK sprawled in a huge green DUMPSTER, shaking off stars.

He jumps up, TAKES A RUNNING START DOWN THE ALLEY AND LEAPS...

HULK DOES A PARKOUR MOVE, USING HIS FEET TO RUN UP THE WALL BY BOUNCING OFF EITHER SIDE OF THE CORNER.

EXT. ROOFTOPS

HULK pops out on the roof. Three blocks away he can see the helicopter pouring fire down onto the roof at his foe.

ABOMINATION: taking hits, furious, reaches for A SATELLITE DISH.

HULK STARTS TO SPRINT

RUNNING ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS, LEAPING GAPS IN BUILDINGS AND RISING TO HIGHER ROOFS, USING BOTH HANDS AND FEET TO ACCELERATE HIMSELF PARKOUR-STYLE HE CHARGES

ABOMINATION: RIPS THE SATELLITE DISH FROM ITS BASE AND LOOKS UP AS THE HELICOPTER ARCS ROUND TO FIND HIM, HE TWISTS HIS BODY LIKE GREEK DISCUS THROWER

HULK: CLOSING... HE ACCELERATES IN A FINAL BURST AND DIVES, HITTING ABOMINATION JUST AS HE THROWS

- THE SATELLITE DISH, WOBBLED OFF ITS COURSE BY HULK'S HIT, CLIPS THE TAIL ROTOR OF THE SIKORSKY

- HULK HITS ABOMINATION SO HARD THAT IT SEEMS TO SNAP HIM ALMOST IN HALF

- THE HELICOPTER STARTS ARCING DOWN OUT OF CONTROL

PILOT'S VOICE

I can't hold it! I gotta put it down! Hang on!!

- BETTY CLOSES HER EYES

- HULK AND ABOMINATION FLY ON THEIR OWN PARALLEL ARC, BARELY MISSING THE UNDERSIDE OF THE PLUNGING SIKORSKY

- CABOT'S POV FROM THE STREET: THE TWIN FORMS OF THE MONSTERS AND THE CRASHING HELICOPTER DESCENDING IN A RUSH OF SOUND

- HULK AND ABOMINATION PLUNGE OVER THE ROOF OF A UNIVERSITY BUILDING, POUNDING THROUGH THE SUPPORT STRUCTURE OF A HUGE WATER-TOWER ON THE WAY DOWN

- THE WATER TOWER TOPPLES

- THE HELICOPTER SPINNING WILDLY AROUND ITS MAIN ROTOR BARELY CLEARS A BUILDING, CLIPS THE SIDE OF A LARGE UNIVERSITY HALL AND CRASHES INTO THE CORNER OF A LARGE STONE PLAZA, SURROUNDED BY UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS

- HULK AND ABOMINATION CRASH INTO THE SAME PLAZA, PULVERIZING THE STONE AND GOUGING A 100 FOOT LONG GROOVE

- THE WATER TOWER CRASHES, HITS THE EDGE OF THE BUILDING, SNAPS THE TANK ITSELF OFF, WHICH PLUMMETS TO THE GROUND AND BURSTS, SENDING THOUSANDS OF GALLONS WASHING OVER HULK AND ABOMINATION AND SEPARATING THEM SLIGHTLY.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

People in windows and surging into the perimeter to watch. People are starting to CHEER FOR HULK.

BUT ABOMINATION BEATS HULK AGAINST A WALL LIKE A BOXER

CLINCHES AND STARTS TO CHOKE HULK WITH HIS MASSIVE FOREARM PINNING HIS THROAT AGAINST THE STONE WALL, CRACKING IT; HIS WRIST BONE DIGGING INTO HULK'S NECK.

THE SHATTERED HELICOPTER: Lying on its side; the rear end and ramp are crushed closed. There is no side door. In the cockpit glass the pilot looks dead; in the gunner's opening on the side, the GUNNER slumped unconscious, the CANNON bent blocking the escape of

BETTY: trying to find a way out

SPARKS BURST IN CASCADES from the shattered Rotors assembly, flying closer and closer to the HUGE SIDE GAS TANKS, torn open and dripping POOLS OF GAS right below Betty.

BETTY looks down into the cabin at: ROSS, battered

ROSS
Go...GO!!

BETTY can only get halfway out...she sees the flames...

BETTY
BRUCE!!

HULK SEES BETTY TRAPPED IN THE HELICOPTER, SHE's IN TROUBLE

GREEN PULSE: IN THE BASE OF HULK'S SKULL AND NEW SIZE AND STRENGTH LITERALLY SURGE INTO HIM IN FRONT OF OUR EYES

ABOMINATION'S EYES GO WIDE AS HULK SEIZES HIS WRISTS AND WITH RAW POWER SPREADS ABOMINATION'S HANDS AWAY FROM HIS THROAT

HULK HEAD-BUTTS AGAIN AND AGAIN, THEN DELIVERS A MASSIVE BLOW TO THE SOLAR PLEXUS, DOUBLING ABOMINATION WHO HE THEN DRIVES HEADFIRST INTO THE WALL

HULK SPRINTS FOR BETTY AS THE <u>SPARK HITS THE TANK WITH A WHOOSH OF FLAME</u>

HULK ISN'T GOING TO BEAT AN EXPLOSION AND HE SUCKS IN A HUGE BREATH AND BLOWS A TREMENDOUS BLAST OF BREATH AT THE FLAME FROM 15 FEET AWAY, BLOWING IT OUT.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Wow.

A CRACKING, RATTLING SOUND....Her eyes go wide.

And HULK takes A TREMENDOUS BLOW TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD, STAGGERING HIM. HE SPINS...

ABOMINATION HAS MADE A CLUB OUT OF A CHAIN RUNNING BETWEEN CONCRETE POSTS, WITH THE POSTS STILL ATTACHED LIKE A MACE

BEFORE HULK CAN RECOVER FROM THE BLOW, HE SWINGS AGAIN; THIS TIME HULK DUCKS BUT IT CATCHES HIM IN THE THIGH AND KNEE, WIPING HIS LEGS OUT... A HORRIBLE BONE-CRUNCHING BLOW.

HULK TRIES TO RISE, BATTERED...ON ONE KNEE

BETTY: helping Ross out of the crushed cabin turns to see...

ABOMINATION WINDS UP FOR THE FINAL BLOW

HULK, INTO A SQUAT, RAISES HIS FISTS HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD AND <u>DRIVES THEM INTO THE GROUND</u>, THE CONCUSSION SO POWERFUL THAT A CRACK EXPLODES VIOLENTLY UP ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE PLAZA

SO THAT AS ABOMINATION STEPS TO SWING, HE IS KNOCKED OFF BALANCE, HIS FOOT COMING DOWN IN THE FISSURE

AND AS THE CLUB ARCS OVER HULK'S HEAD, MISSING, HE GRABS THE CHAIN, DIVES AND ROLLS FORWARD PAST ABOMINATION, WRAPPING THE CHAIN AROUND HIS ENEMY'S NECK ONCE, TWICE... AND <u>HEAVES BACK ON IT.</u>

ABOMINATION'S LEG IS CAUGHT IN THE FISSURE, HULK TWISTING HIM AGAINST THE TRAPPED LEG TO TRAP HIM. DESPITE THE HORRENDOUS TORQUE ON HIS BODY, IT ALMOST SEEMS AS THOUGH ABOMINATION HAS THE BRUTE STRENGTH IN HIS NECK AND BACK TO RESIST...

...THE EYES OF ALL ONLOOKERS GLUED TO THE DEATH MATCH

ABOMINATION'S HAND GRABS BEHIND HIM TEARING AT HULK'S FACE AND SHOULDERS, CUTTING FLESH, GOUGING HULK'S EYES

HULK DOESN'T FLINCH. HEAVING BACK WITH EVERY FIBRE OF HIS STRENGTH HE LIFTS ONE FOOT AND PLANTS IT INTO ABOMINATION'S SHOULDER...THIS IS THE LETHAL LEVERAGE HE NEEDED.

HE PRESSES OUT WITH HIS LEG, REARING BACK AND UP ON THE CHAIN WITH HIS SHOULDERS AND ARMS...BOTH CREATURES HOWL, EVERY VEIN BURSTING.

AND THEN WITH A HORRIBLE POPPING AND CRACKING...HULK BREAKS THE ABOMINATION'S NECK, LITERALLY STRETCHING AND TWISTING IT GROTESQUELY

ABOMINATION'S EYES FLARE...AND THEN WITH A FINAL KICK...HE SAGS.

HULK FALLS BACK, SITTING, HIS FOOT STILL ON THE SHOULDER. HE RISES, SHOVING THE BODY OVER ONTO ITS FACE,

AND WITH ONE FOOT PLANTED ON THE HUGE BACK OF HIS ENEMY AND THE MOON SHINING DOWN ON HIM, HE THROWS BACK HIS FISTS AND ROARS

FACES: ROSS, BETTY, CABOT, onlookers... STARING IN AWE

HULK SCANS THE RING -- looking for any new threat, face fierce.

DARK GREEN BLOOD RUNS IN THICK RIVULETS FROM TEARS ALL OVER HIS BODY... HIS NOSE...HIS GAZE FINDS...

Betty. He stops and stares at her. Knows her.

Behind her: Ross - he knows him too and his EYES FLARE, but Ross only stares.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Shh. It's over... it's over.

HULK
Betty.

It's a deep bass rumble, barely a whisper.

A tear falls down her cheek and he puts out a finger to catch it.

Tired. Eyes almost drooping...

THE BEATING OF ROTORS AND A WHITE BEAM OF LIGHT sweeping on him.

SLIDING INTO HULK'S POV: THE LIGHT IS HORRIBLE, an ASSAULT

Betty's head drops... she knows...

AND HULK RUNS...

Straight at a limping CABOT, standing between him and the street...

CABOT
You gotta be kidding me...

She DUCKS as he HURDLES OVER HER.

EXT. STREETS OF HARLEM - RIVERSIDE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Hulk sprints west, crosstown… Pounding the pavement…cars screeching to a halt…people gaping as the Titan flashes past….

…accelerating…out of the buildings and through the trees at the top end of Riverside Park… Helicopters above tracking him… sound of radio calls trying to keep tabs on him… warning the Coast Guard ship that he's heading their way…

…and he can see it … the water of the Hudson River…

A COAST GUARD CUTTER on the near shore blocking his path…

The spotlight from the POLICE CHOPPER on him now… the Coast Guard cutter swinging it's own light up to find him as he races toward it, reaches the elevated spans of the West Side Highway…

…and LEAPS...HIS MOST POWERFUL LEAP YET...SOARING HIGH…

Sailor's POV: THE HULK HURTLING THROUGH THE BLACK SKY, LIT BY SPOTLIGHTS, COMING RIGHT AT HIM...FEET EXTENDED, ARMS OUT WIDE...HE SMASHES THROUGH THE RADAR DISH...

AND JACKKNIFES INTO THE WATER LIKE A DEPTH CHARGE.

EXT. UNDERWATER

In the inky green black of the river…

THE HULK SMASHES INTO FRAME FROM ABOVE

He rockets through the frame…trailing greenish white bubbles…

…AND DISAPPEARS… as the bubbles fade… TO BLACK.

FADE UP:

INT. MILITARY BASE BAR - DAY

Ross sits on a bar stool in the middle of a mostly empty bar, mid-afternoon. He lifts his drink to his lips, catches his reflection in a mirror behind the bar.

EXT. BETTY AND SAMSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Samson sits on the front steps, staring out at the street. He lifts the cordless phone in his hand and dials a number.

EXT. BATTERY PARK- CONTINUOUS

Betty stands by a railing overlooking the river and the New York Harbor. A FERRY tugs out towards the Statue of Liberty. Her phone rings, she pulls it out and looks at the number, answers.

BETTY
Hi.

SAMSON
Oh, thank god. You're alright? When I couldn't reach you...

BETTY
I'm not hurt. A lot of people were though.

SAMSON
I know, it's been all over the tv. It doesn't seem real.

BETTY
It was real.

SAMSON
Come home. Just come home.

BETTY
Samson, did you call somebody the night Bruce was at our home? Is that why they came for him?

SAMSON
I was frightened. Forgive me.

BETTY
I do. But I'm not coming home yet.

SAMSON
Where are you going?

BETTY
I have no idea. But I'll let you know when I do. I promise.

She hangs up.

He buries his face in his hands.

Betty takes out her camera and looks at the PICTURE SHE TOOK OF BRUCE...THAT SAD, HOPEFUL SMILE.

She looks out at the harbor and tries to imagine where he is...

EXT/INT - REMOTE EXOTIC LOCATION - DAY

A BEACH: Banner staring out at the ocean. He steps into A SMALL ROUGH BUNGALOW.

He walks to a tidy desk and takes out an envelope from the drawer. He has something in his hand... it's Betty's mother's necklace. He slides it into the envelope and writes her name on it.

TIME CUT:

We're behind his head now...rolling around him to find him sitting in the lotus position...meditating. Black pants. No shirt. His eyes closed. Pulse monitor on his wrist. Faces the open doors opened out towards the ocean waves.

He hardly seems to breathe. PULSE: 42.

Then, with a deep inhale...his PULSE STARTS TO RISE...

Nothing has changed around him, but his pulse is RACING UPWARD...the sound of his heart BEATING FAST

RACING OVER 200

EYES SNAP OPEN: GREEN

WAS THAT A FLASH OF A SMILE?

BLACK

END.